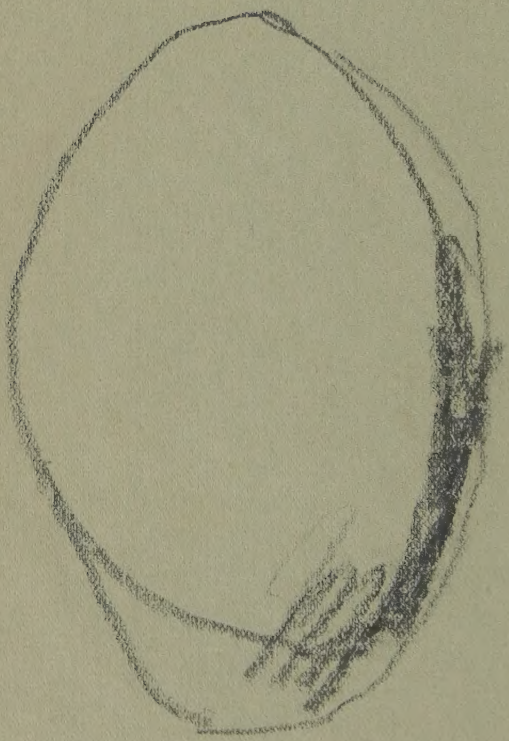
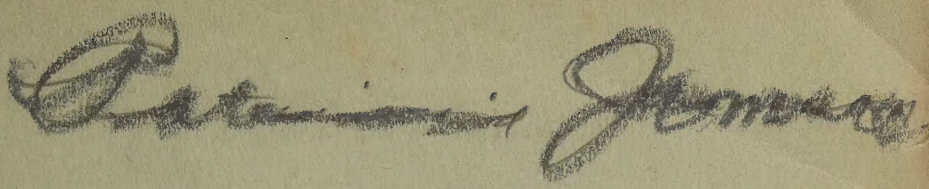
STORY HOUR READERS

BOOK TWO

COE AND CHRISTIE





STORY HOUR READERS

SECOND YEAR

BOOK TWO

BY

IDA COE, Pd.M.

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL, PUBLIC SCHOOLS

CITY OF NEW YORK

AND

ALICE J. CHRISTIE

PRIMARY TEACHER, PUBLIC SCHOOLS

CITY OF NEW YORK

ILLUSTRATED BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO

Copyright, 1914, by
IDA COE and ALICE J. CHRISTIE.

Copyright, 1914, in Great Britain.

Story Hour Readers,
Book Two.
W. P 22

CONTENTS

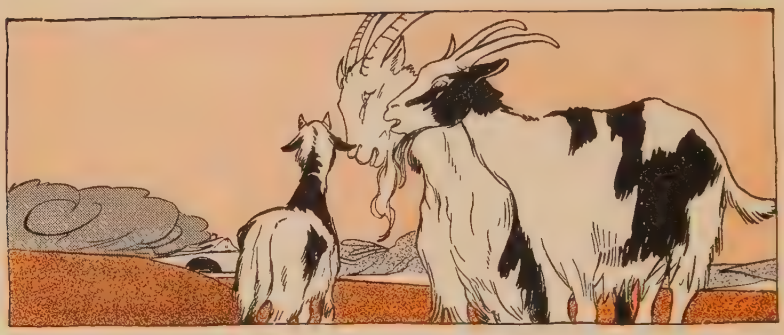
	Page
Frolic of the Fairies	5
Giant Giro	6
Bed in Summer	15
The Three Bears	16
To a Honeybee	28
How the Pony Was Won	30
Frogs at School	43
Spry Mouse and Mr. Frog	44
Song of the Grass	51
Unhappy Grass Stalk	52
The Moon	57
Mayor Rat's Niece	58
Who Has Seen the Wind?	67
Lilly Etta and Wee Bruin	68
Hindu Sykes and the Quails	81
The Fairy Artist	89
Cedar Tree's Reward	90
The Babes in the Wood	101
Prince Roland	103
Who Stole the Bird's Nest?	116
Punchinello	124
The Swing	137
A Mother Goose Circus	139
The Months	155
Princess Lily	157
A Tale of Two Books	170
Stop, Stop, Pretty Water	178
Pouchy Pelican	179
A Secret	195
Meadow Lark's Concert	197

FROLIC OF THE FAIRIES

Heigh-ho! the fairies O!
They trip and they sing,
They skip and they swing,
While the bells of the flowers
So merrily ring.

Heigh-ho! the fairies O!
By the gleam of the moon,
They dance, to the tune
Of the humming-bird's hum
And zephyr's soft croon.

Heigh-ho! the fairies O!
At dawn of the day,
Still happy and gay!
When Queen Mab waves her wand,
They tiptoe away.



GIANT GIRO

Long ago, a family of goats lived in a meadow, near a river.

One of them was Billy Goat, one of them was Nanny Goat, and the third was named Frisky.

"Do look at the green grass on the other side of the river! Let us go over and eat some," said Frisky, one morning.

"Oh, no! I am afraid of Giant Giro!" said Billy Goat.

"He owns the bridge over the river.
It is said that he likes goat meat.
He will be sure to catch us
if we try to go over the bridge."

Frisky walked away, feeling very sad.

Suddenly he heard some one say,
"Why are you so sad, Frisky?"

Frisky turned and saw a tiny dwarf.
He told the dwarf about Giant Giro.

"I will help you," said the dwarf.
"Giant Giro will be unable to see you
when you go over the bridge,
if you sing this little song:

"Twirl your thumbs,
Wiggle your ear;
When danger comes,
You've nothing to fear."

Frisky was delighted
and ran home to tell the other goats.

When he sang the song
that the dwarf had taught him,
the other goats laughed at him.

"Very well," said Frisky.
"I will go over the bridge alone."

And off he started!

Bumpety-bump, bumpety-bump,
went Frisky's feet on the bridge.

"Who is bumping over my bridge?"
Giant Giro roared,
in his great, gruff voice.

Frisky was very much frightened,
but he sang the song
that the dwarf had taught him:

"Twirl your thumbs,
Wiggle your ear;
When danger comes
You've nothing to fear."

And Giant Giro could not see Frisky.

Frisky ran over the bridge safely
and began to eat grass in the meadow.

When Nanny Goat saw
that Frisky had crossed the river
and was eating grass in the meadow,
she started for the bridge.

Thumpety-thump, thumpety-thump,
went Nanny Goat's feet on the bridge.

"Who is thumping over my bridge?"
Giant Giro roared,
in his great, gruff voice.

How frightened Nanny Goat was!

She tried to remember the song
that the dwarf had taught Frisky,
but she could sing only half of it:

"Twirl your thumbs,
Wiggle your ear."

She could not remember the rest!

Because Nanny Goat
could sing only half of the song,
half of her could still be seen.

When Giant Giro ran upon the bridge,
he was so surprised to see half a goat
that he could not move.
So Nanny Goat ran across safely.

When Billy Goat saw the others
eating grass in the meadow, he said,
"If they crossed the bridge safely,
surely I have nothing to fear.
What was the song that Frisky sang?
Oh, yes, I can sing it!

"You've nothing to fear;
When danger comes,
Wiggle your ear,
Twirl your thumbs."

Then he started for the bridge.

Thudety-thud, thudety-thud,
went Billy Goat's feet on the bridge.
"Who is thudding over my bridge?"
Giant Giro roared,
in his great, gruff voice.
Billy Goat was frightened, but he sang,

"You've nothing to fear;
When danger comes,
Wiggle your ear,
Twirl your thumbs."

Because Billy Goat
had sung the song backward,
instead of being hidden
he was changed into a huge monster,
as large as a giant.
How angry Giant Giro was!
He rushed upon the bridge
to strike the monster with his club.

The monster sprang at Giant Giro,
and with his great horns
pushed Giant Giro into the river.
And that was the end of Giant Giro!

Then the monster was changed back
into Billy Goat once more.

Billy Goat crossed the bridge
and ran swiftly to the meadow,
to tell the good news
to Nanny Goat and Frisky.

After that the bridge
belonged to the family of goats.

MACINTEL WRIGHT-BUNTON

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candlelight.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE THREE BEARS

Once upon a time, three bears
lived in a log cabin
in the midst of the woods.

Father Bear was a great, huge bear.
Mother Bear was a middle-sized bear.
Baby Bear was a tiny, wee bear.

One day the three bears
went out for a long walk
in the shady woods.
They left three bowls of porridge
cooling on a table in the log cabin.

While the bears were away,
little Goldilocks went to the log cabin.
She had gone into the woods
to pick some wild flowers.

The little girl knocked at the door.

No one came to open the door.
She lifted the latch and walked in.

When Goldilocks entered the room, she saw the three bowls of porridge.

Goldilocks tasted the porridge in Father Bear's great, huge bowl. It was too hot to eat.

She tasted the porridge in Mother Bear's middle-sized bowl. It was too cold to eat.

Then she tasted the porridge
in Baby Bear's tiny, wee bowl.
It was neither too hot nor too cold,
so Goldilocks ate the porridge.

Then Goldilocks looked about her.

She saw three chairs in the room.
The little girl was very tired,
and she thought that she would rest.

Goldilocks climbed up
into Father Bear's great, huge chair.
It was too hard for her.

She tried to sit
in Mother Bear's middle-sized chair.
It was too soft for her.

Then she sat down
in Baby Bear's tiny, wee chair.
It was neither too hard nor too soft,
but exactly the right size for her.

Goldilocks rocked so hard
that the chair fell to pieces,
and down she tumbled to the floor,
thumpety, thump.

Then Goldilocks went up the stairs
to the bears' bedroom.
There she saw three beds.

Tired little Goldilocks said,

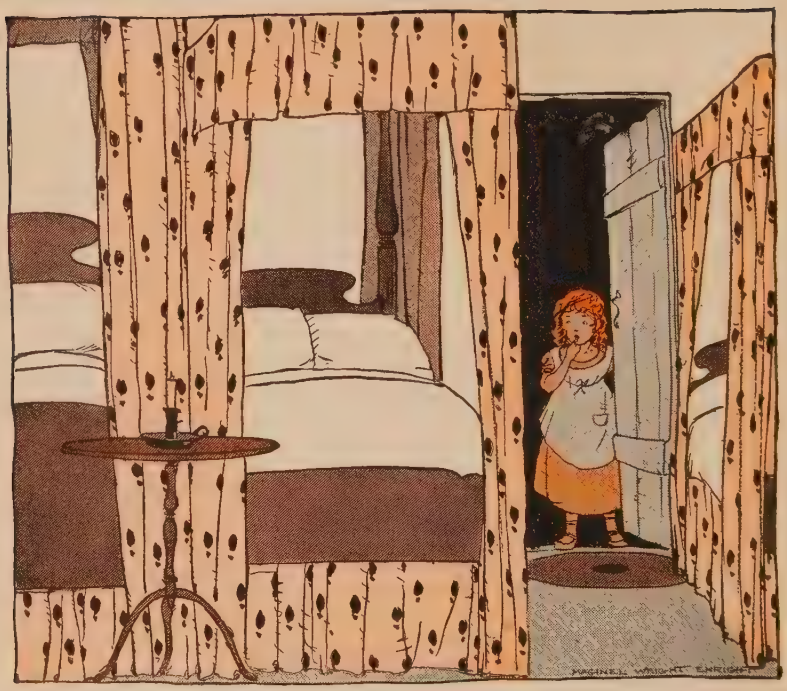
"I will lie down and take a nap."

She tried Father Bear's bed.
It was too high at the head.

She tried Mother Bear's bed.
It was too low at the foot.

She tried Baby Bear's tiny, wee bed.
It was neither too high at the head
nor too low at the foot.

Goldilocks lay down on the tiny bed
and soon fell fast asleep.



Before very long the three bears came back from their walk.
They had returned to the log cabin to eat their porridge.

They were very hungry,
so they went at once to the table where the three bowls stood.

Great, huge Father Bear said,
in a great, huge voice,

"WHO HAS BEEN TASTING
MY PORRIDGE?"

Middle-sized Mother Bear said,
in a middle-sized voice,

"WHO HAS BEEN TASTING
MY PORRIDGE?"

Tiny, wee Baby Bear said,
in a tiny, wee voice,

"WHO HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE
AND HAS EATEN ALL OF IT?"

Then the three bears
growled, "Ugh, ugh, ugh!"
as they looked around the room.

Great, huge Father Bear
looked at his great, huge chair.

Then he said, in a great, huge voice,

MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

"WHO HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR?"

Middle-sized Mother Bear said, in a middle-sized voice,

"WHO HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR?"

Tiny, wee Baby Bear said, in a tiny, wee voice,

"WHO HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR AND HAS BROKEN IT TO PIECES?"

Then the three bears went upstairs.

Great, huge Father Bear's feet went thump, thump, thump, thump.

Middle-sized Mother Bear's feet went thud, thud, thud, thud.

Tiny, wee Baby Bear's feet went trip, trop, trip, trop.

Great, huge Father Bear said, in a great, huge voice,

"WHO HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED?"

Middle-sized Mother Bear said, in a middle-sized voice,

"WHO HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED?"

Tiny, wee Baby Bear said, in a tiny, wee voice,

"WHO HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED?
WHO IS LYING ON MY BED NOW?"

The wee voice awoke Goldilocks.

The little girl was frightened when she saw the three brown bears.

She jumped out of the window and ran until she reached home.

Goldilocks was very happy to be safe, away from the Three Bears!

TO A HONEYBEE

"Busybody, busybody,
  Always on the wing.
Wait a bit, where you have lit,
  And tell me why you sing."

Up and in the air again,
  Flap, flap, flap!
And now she stops, and now she drops
  Into the rose's lap.

Busybody, busybody,
Always light and gay,
It seems to me, for all I see,
Your work is only play.

And now the day is sinking
To the goldenest of eves,
And she doth creep, for quiet sleep,
Among the lily leaves.

"Come, just a moment come,
From your snowy bed."
Hum, hum, hum, hum—
That was all she said.

But the while I mused, I learned
The secret of her way:
Do my part with cheerful heart,
And turn my work to play.

Used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Co.

ALICE CARY.

HOW THE PONY WAS WON

Three boys lived with their father,
in a little cottage.

The oldest of the three was Arthur,
the second one was Raymond,
and the youngest was Howard.

One day while the boys were out
flying their kites, they saw a man
coming along the road,
leading a Shetland pony.
He wanted to sell his pony.

The three boys wished for the pony
and asked their father to buy him.
Their father bought the pony.

All went well for a few days,
and the brothers played happily
with their new pet.

Then they began to quarrel,
for each boy claimed the pony.
Arthur said to his brothers,

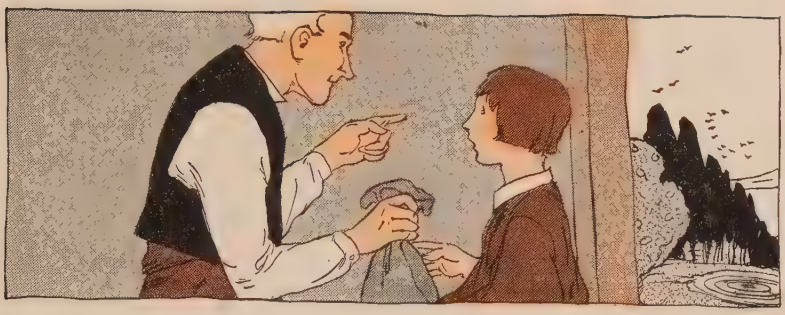
"Father bought the pony for me,
and neither of you can have him.
You shall not play with him any more."

"The pony is mine," said Raymond.
"He was bought on my birthday."

Howard said nothing,
for he knew his brothers would laugh
if he claimed the pony as his.

The quarrel became so noisy
that the father of the boys
went to find the cause of the trouble.

"Boys! Boys!" he called.
"What does this noise mean?
Are you quarreling about the pony?
He belongs to all of you."



But the boys were very foolish,
and they would not stop quarreling.

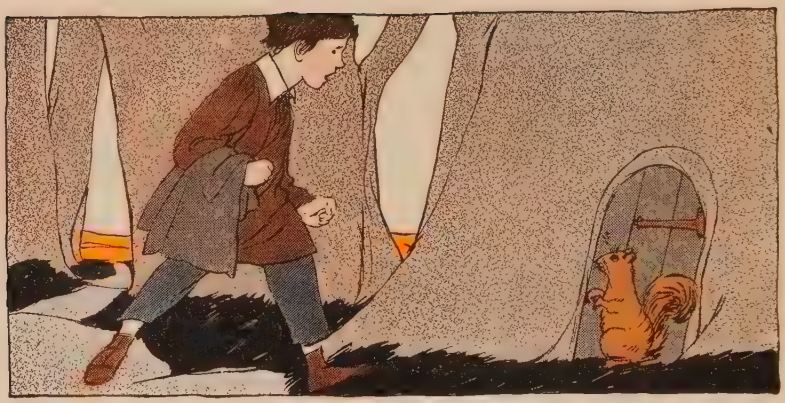
At last the father said,
"The pony shall be given to the boy
who can bring me this hemp bag
filled with water from the pond."

This pleased the boys,
for each one hoped to win the pony.

The bag was woven loosely
and had tiny holes between the meshes.

The father said to Arthur,
"Go first, my son, and try your skill."

The boy took the bag and rushed away.



Arthur ran quickly, on and on, until he reached the woods.

A little brown squirrel jumped out of a hole in a tree and stood in front of the boy. The squirrel chattered merrily,

"Line it with wax,
Or gum to-day,
And carry the bag
Away, away."

Arthur did not stop to look,
but he said, in a cross voice,
"Get out of the way, Chatterbox!
I have no time to listen to you now,
for I am in a hurry."

The little brown squirrel
shook his head and frisked his tail
as Arthur rushed away.

When the boy reached the pond,
he stooped to fill the hemp bag.
Close beside him a bullfrog
croaked, in a hoarse voice,

"Line it with wax,
Or gum to-day,
And carry the bag
Away, away."

Arthur tried to strike the bullfrog
and nearly fell into the pond.

The bullfrog jumped upon a log.
Then he watched Arthur
as the boy bent over the water,
holding the hemp bag with both hands.

Arthur poured water into the bag,
but it leaked out.

He dug up muddy roots and moss
and spread them over the inside.
Then he filled the bag again
and ran as fast as he could go.

By the time he reached home,
every drop of the water
had leaked out of the hemp bag.

Raymond was the next to go.

While he was walking quickly
toward the pond in the woods,
a field mouse ran across the path.

Raymond did not look at the mouse.

Then the friendly little field mouse
stood on a log and said,

"Line it with wax,
Or gum to-day,
And carry the bag
Away, away."

"What squeaky noises you make,
Mr. Mouse!" said Raymond.

The mouse went back to his nest.

A big, brown owl called out from the top of a tree,

"Line it with wax,
Or gum to-day,
And carry the bag
Away, away."

But Raymond was planning how he would carry the water. He did not hear the brown owl calling to him from the tree.

He gathered some leaves
and lined the hemp bag with them.
Then he poured water into the bag,
but it leaked out.

He went home with an empty bag.

It was now the youngest son's chance.

Howard walked quickly along
until he had nearly reached the pond.

A little honeybee flew by.

The bee hummed to Howard,

"Line it with wax,
With wax to-day,
And carry the bag
Away, away."

"To use wax is a fine idea,"
said Howard as he turned around.

"Can you spare some from the hive?"
he asked the honeybee.

"Oh, yes," said the honeybee.
"Come and take all you need."
"Thank you," said Howard.
Howard spread the soft wax
over the inside of the hemp bag.
As he walked toward the pond,
he heard a balsam fir tree say,

"Line it with gum,
With gum to-day,
And carry the bag
Away, away."

"How kind of you, balsam fir!
Do you think that you can spare
a little gum from your tree,
so that I may line the bag with it?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said the fir.

Howard thanked the kind fir tree.

He made a second lining,
by spreading the gum
all over the lining of wax.

This time, when the bag was filled,
not a drop of water leaked out.

Howard ran home with the bag
and gave it to his father.

How surprised his brothers were!

Then the father said to the boy,
"Howard, you have won the prize."

Adapted from "Dunny," by Jane Hoxie. Used by permission of Milton Bradley Co., publishers.

FROGS AT SCHOOL

Twenty froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool—
Twenty little coats of green;
Twenty vests all white and clean.

"We must be in time," said they:
"First we study, then we play;
That is how we keep the rule,
When we froggies go to school."

SPRY MOUSE AND MR. FROG

Spry Mouse had a nest in a field. Mr. Bullfrog lived near by in a pond.

One day Spry Mouse invited Mr. Bullfrog to visit her.

"Please bring your banjo," she said, "so that you can play and sing for me."

The next day Mr. Bullfrog called. He played and sang for Spry Mouse.

Then Spry Mouse said,
"Will you please play for me to dance?
I could dance all day to your music."

"Yes, I will," said Mr. Bullfrog.

So Mr. Bullfrog played the banjo, and Spry Mouse danced to the music.

Spry Mouse thanked Mr. Bullfrog. Then she served luncheon for him. She gave him a dainty dish of flies, which he liked very much.

While he was eating the flies,
Spry Mouse nibbled some roots.

By and by Mr. Bullfrog said,
"It is time for me to go home.
I have enjoyed my visit very much.
I wish that you would come
and visit me in my home.
Will you come along with me?"

"I can not go to your home,
for it is on a great log
in the center of the lily pond,
and I do not like to swim."

"You need not swim," said the frog,
"for I can tow you along in the water.
I will tie your foot to mine,
with a piece of strong grass.
Then, while I swim through the water,
you can sail after me like a boat."

"When I say three, be ready to jump.
One, two, three!" he cried.

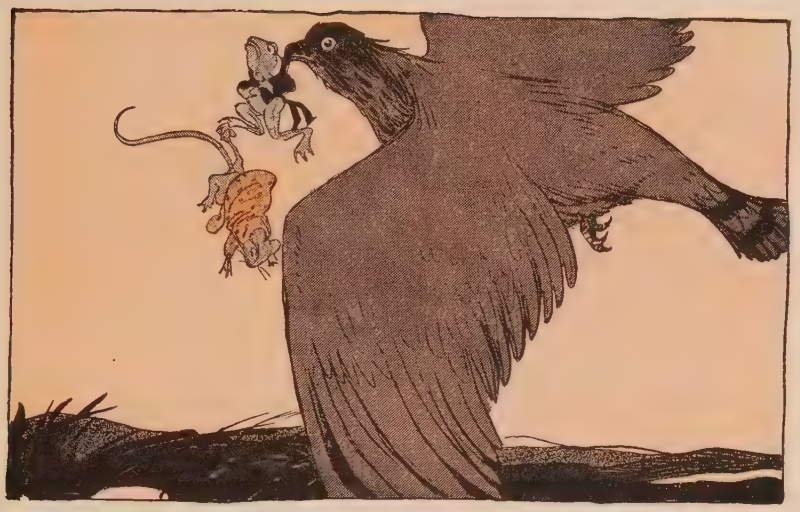
They jumped as far as they could.
Then away they both went—
down, down, down, with a big splash,
into the lily pond.

How frightened Spry Mouse was!

"Please take me back!" she cried.
"Oh, please, kind Mr. Bullfrog,
take me back to my own little nest
among the tall grasses.
I do not like to swim,
and my pretty fur coat is very wet."

But Mr. Bullfrog only laughed
at the little mouse.

"Come, let us swim some more,"
said Mr. Bullfrog.
"I will take good care of you."



But this time Spry Mouse
pulled and pulled upward,
while naughty Mr. Bullfrog
pulled and pulled downward.

At that moment Mr. Hawk
flew over the lily pond.
He saw the bullfrog and the mouse.

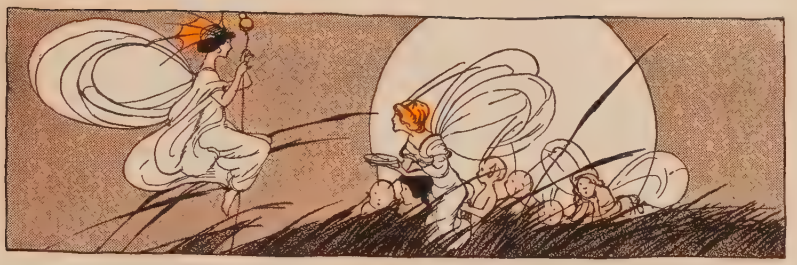
"I must catch Mr. Bullfrog
for my dinner," thought Mr. Hawk.

So Mr. Hawk flew down
and caught Mr. Bullfrog by the neck.

Spry Mouse pulled once more.
She broke the strong grass,
and down she tumbled to the ground!

When at last she was able to rise,
she was so bruised and so lame
that she could scarcely hobble home.

She never again visited Mr. Bullfrog.



SONG OF THE GRASS

The grass nods in the breeze,
A slender stalk of green,
To greet the birds and butterflies
And happy, buzzing bees.

The grass stirs in the breeze,
And plays the sweetest tunes;
The sunlight loves to linger near,
To hear the melodies.

The grass sways low at night,
Dew-fringed with fairy pearls;
And moonbeams glimmer o'er the lea,
The fairy troops to light.

UNHAPPY GRASS STALK

Near the bank of a narrow river,
grow the tall, slender grasses
which the clever Indian women
weave into their baskets and mats.

One day an Indian woman
took hold of a tall grass stalk
and nearly uprooted the whole plant.

The grass stalk was frightened.
He wished he were something else.

Close by grew a cluster of herbs.
The grass saw the cluster of herbs.
Grass said, "I wish I were an herb."

At once he became an herb.

The Indian women came again,
bringing their sharp-pointed picks.
They had made the sharp picks
from the antlers of reindeer.

The women began to dig the herbs.

Little Herb was frightened.
Just then he saw a creeping vine.

Herb said, "I wish I were a vine."

At once he became a creeping vine.

The Indian women came again
and took some of the creeping vines.

Little Vine was frightened.

"Where shall I hide?" he said.
At that moment he saw some roots.

Vine said, "I wish I were a root hidden under the dark ground."

At once he became a root.

A little mouse came by.
The mouse began to nibble the roots.

Root said, "I shall not be safe until I become a mouse.
I wish I were a mouse."

At once he became a little mouse.

Little Mouse now felt very safe, and he began to nibble the roots.

Suddenly something flew above him.
It circled round and round.
It was a big, brown owl.

The owl had seen the little mouse and was flying down to catch him.

But the little mouse ran quickly.
He hid out of sight
among the tall, slender grasses
near the bank of the river.

The grasses nodded and swayed
in the cool breeze.

When the frightened little mouse
saw the grasses nodding and swaying
in the cool breeze,
he wished to be a grass stalk again.

The little mouse said,
"I shall not be happy
until I am a grass stalk once more.
I wish I were a grass stalk."

The mouse became a grass stalk
growing near the bank of the river.
And ever afterwards
he was happy and contented.

THE MOON

The moon has a face
like the clock in the hall,
She shines on thieves
on the garden wall,
On streets and fields
and harbor quays,
And birdies asleep
in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat
and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog
by the door of the house,
The bat that lies
in bed at noon,
All love to be out
by the light of the moon.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

MAYOR RAT'S NIECE

White Rat lived with her uncle. Her uncle was Mayor of Ratville.

White Rat was loved very much, for her beauty and her pleasing ways.

Mr. Gray Fur lived in Ratville, too. He saw how pretty White Rat was, and he wished to marry her.

Every day he would call at her home and would leave grains of wheat and other dainties which rats like.

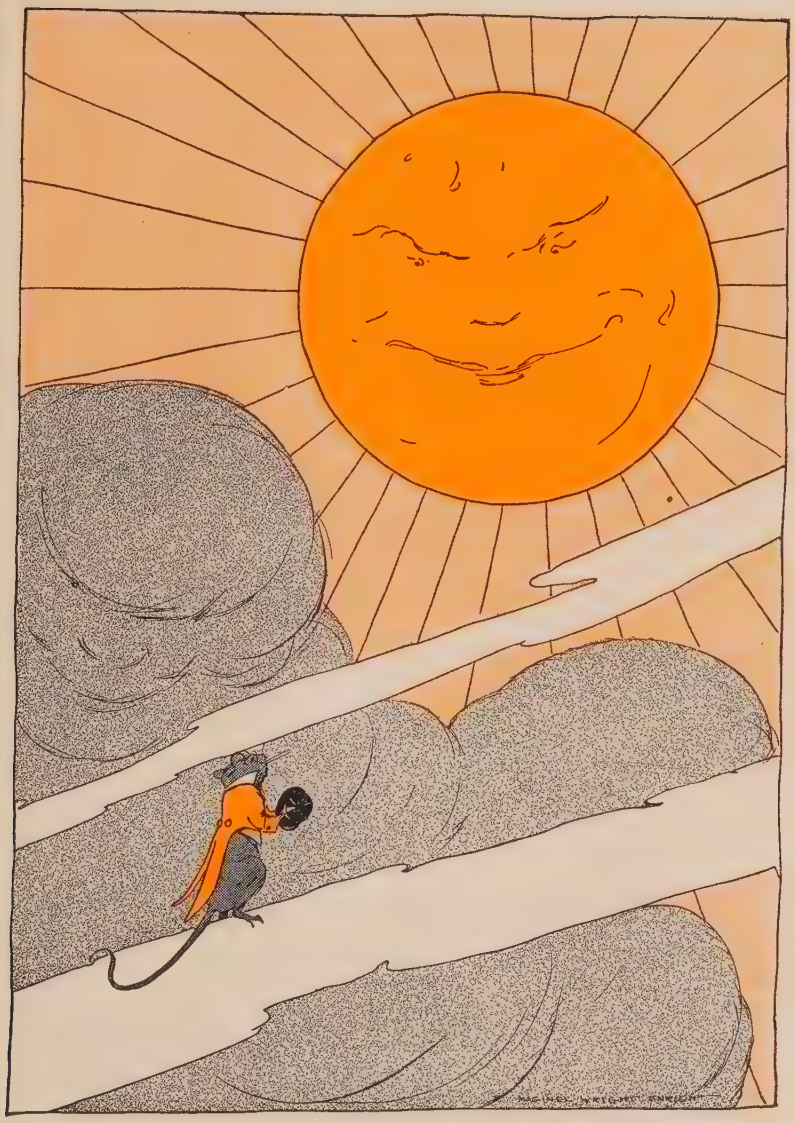
This made Mayor Rat very angry.

One morning he said to his wife,
"Gray Fur shall not marry our niece.
Our beautiful White Rat
must marry the greatest person
in the whole, wide world.

"The sun, high up in the sky,
gives us heat and light.
The sun must be the greatest person
in the whole, wide world.
Perhaps he will marry our niece."

So the Mayor left Ratville
and climbed up the blue sky
until he met the sun.

"O Sun," cried Mayor Rat,
"surely you, with your warm rays,
must be the greatest person
in the whole, wide world.
Please marry my niece, White Rat."



"Ha, ha!" laughed the sun.
"You are very much mistaken.
I am not so great as you think.
Do you see that cloud over there?
He is much greater than I.
He can make me hide my face."

Then Mayor Rat left the sun
and traveled till he met the cloud
floating along in the blue sky.

"O Cloud," said Mayor Rat,
"surely you, who can hide the sun,
must be the greatest person
in the whole, wide world.
Please marry my niece, White Rat."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the cloud.
"You are very much mistaken.
Indeed I am not the greatest person
in the whole, wide world.

"Do you hear North Wind blowing?
He is much greater than I.
I go where he sends me."

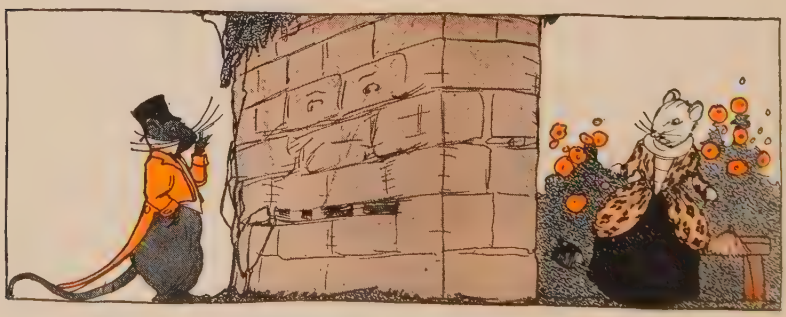
Then Mayor Rat left the cloud
and traveled till he met North Wind.

"O North Wind," said Mayor Rat,
"you must be the greatest person
in the whole, wide world.
Please marry my niece, White Rat."

"Ha, ha!" laughed North Wind.
"You are very much mistaken.
I am not the greatest person
in the whole, wide world.

"Do you see the strong wall
around your mansion?
He is much greater than I.
I cannot make him move,
no matter how hard I blow."

Then Mayor Rat left the wind
and climbed down from the sky.
He walked and walked along
until he came to the strong wall.



"O strong Wall," said Mayor Rat,
"you, whom the wind cannot move,
must be the greatest person
in the whole, wide world.
Please marry my niece, White Rat."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the wall.
"You are very much mistaken.
I am not the greatest person
in the whole, wide world.
Mr. Gray Fur, who lives in Ratville,
is much greater than I.
He can gnaw and make me fall.
He must be the greatest person
in the whole, wide world."

Beautiful White Rat
was sitting in the garden.
She heard what the wall had said
to her uncle, Mayor Rat.

It made White Rat very happy
to hear about Mr. Gray Fur.

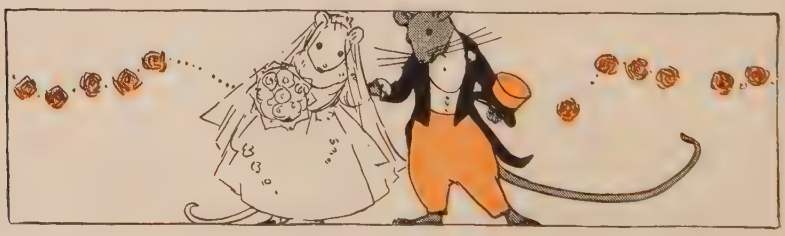
She did not wish to marry the sun,
although he gave light and heat.

She did not wish to marry the cloud,
although he could hide the sun.

She did not wish to marry the wall,
although strong North Wind
was unable to move him.

She did wish to marry Mr. Gray Fur.

So Mr. Gray Fur and White Rat
were married and lived happily,
in a pretty, white cottage
next to the mansion of Mayor Rat.

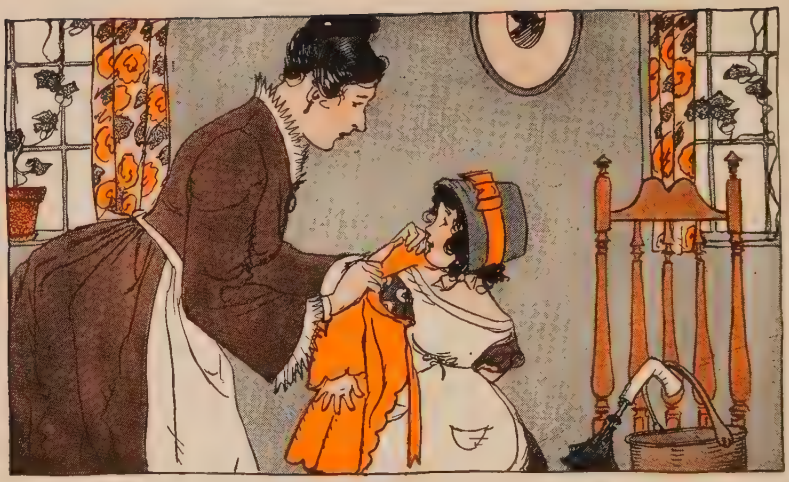


WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Who has seen the wind?
  Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling,
  The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
  Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their
    heads,
  The wind is passing by.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.



LILLY ETTA AND WEE BRUIN

"Lilly Etta," called Aunt Laura,
"I wish you to go to the store.
Wear your pretty coat,
and carry my green umbrella,
for the sun is very hot to-day."

"I am ready, Aunt Laura,"
said Lilly Etta, cheerfully,
and away she went to the store.

When Lilly Etta had left the store,
she opened the green umbrella
and held it high over her head.
The umbrella was hard to hold,
because a strong wind was blowing.

Suddenly, with a great swoop,
the wind lifted the green umbrella.
It lifted Lilly Etta, too,
for she did not let go of the handle.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Lilly Etta
as she was lifted high in the air.

The umbrella was like a big sail.
Lilly Etta was carried far away,
over the tops of the tallest trees.

As she reached the topmost branch
of a tall pine tree,
Lilly Etta let go of the umbrella
and jumped into the branches.

The green umbrella sailed away,
and little Lilly Etta
scrambled down the pine tree.

Lilly Etta looked around,
but she did not know where to go.

All at once she heard a sound
like some one sobbing and crying.
She peeped through the bushes,
and to her great surprise she saw
a little brown bear.
The bear was sobbing and crying
as though his heart would break.

"Why do you cry, Wee Bruin?"
asked little Lilly Etta.

"I have always wanted a yellow coat.
Mother Bruin will not buy one for me."

"Do not cry," said Lilly Etta.
"I, too, am in trouble.
I have lost Aunt Laura's umbrella."

"Let me help you," said Wee Bruin.
"I will take you to Mr. Eagle."

They soon came to Mr. Eagle's nest.
"Hello, hello!" called Wee Bruin.

"How do you do?" the eagle replied.
"What can I do for you to-day?"

"Mr. Eagle, will you please
look through your spyglasses,
and let us know
if you can see an umbrella
caught anywhere among the trees?"

Mr. Eagle looked all around, through his large spyglasses.

"Was it a green umbrella?" he asked.

"Yes," Lilly Etta answered.

"Did it have a carved, ivory handle?"

"Yes," Lilly Etta answered.

"Well," said Mr. Eagle,
"your green umbrella is in a tree
near the soda-water fountain.
I will carry both of you, on my back,
to the tree near the fountain."

"What fun!" cried Lilly Etta,
"To ride on an eagle's back,
high above the tree tops!"

Then Lilly Etta and Wee Bruin
mounted Mr. Eagle's back,
and away they flew through the air,
high above the great forest trees.

After a while Wee Bruin said,
"Lilly Etta, I see your umbrella
on a sweet-chocolate tree.
Mr. Eagle will land in its branches.
Then we can take your umbrella
and eat as much chocolate as we wish."

"Oh, what fun! What great fun!" Lilly Etta exclaimed.

Before she could even blink, Mr. Eagle had landed the two friends in the tree and had flown away.

Wee Bruin climbed to the tree top.
He took down the green umbrella
and gave it to Lilly Etta.

Then the two little friends
sat on branches of the tree
and had a feast of sweet chocolate.

"Oh, how very thirsty I am!"
cried Lilly Etta at last.

"Come with me, then, Lilly Etta,
and drink some soda
from the fountain," said Wee Bruin.

So they climbed down from the tree
and went to the soda fountain.

Such a wonderful fountain it was!
Five streams played from it,
each having a different flavor.

You may be sure that Lilly Etta
drank some soda from each stream.

Lilly Etta was very grateful to Wee Bruin for his kindness, and she wondered what she could do to show her gratitude to her friend. At last she thought of a plan.

"Close your eyes, Wee Bruin," said she. "Do not open them till I say, Ready."

Then Lilly Etta took off her coat and put it on Wee Bruin.

Wee Bruin opened his eyes.

"Oh, you lovely Lilly Etta!" he cried.
"Now I have a beautiful yellow coat.
I am the happiest bear in the world!"

At that moment Mr. Eagle came back.

"Now for a ride home," he called.

"I can walk to my cave,"
said Wee Bruin,
"for it is in the forest near by."

Then he helped Lilly Etta
mount on Mr. Eagle's back for her ride.

"Ding, dong! Ready!" said Mr. Eagle.

Wee Bruin waved his yellow coat,
and Lilly Etta gently waved
her green umbrella in return.

At last Mr. Eagle sailed gayly down
into a field near Lilly Etta's home.

"Thank you, kind Mr. Eagle,"
said little Lilly Etta.
Then she jumped off his back
and ran toward her home.

When she reached the house,
she said to her Aunt Laura,
"Oh, I have had such a fine time!
I met Wee Bruin in the woods to-day,
and we rode on Mr. Eagle's back."

Aunt Laura laughed and laughed.

Then she said, "My dear little girl,
you surely have been dreaming!"

HINDU SYKES AND THE QUAILS

Once upon a time, some quails lived
near the edge of a forest.
They chose the wisest among them
to be their leader.

Hindu Sykes, who was a clever fowler,
had a house near the forest.
He supported himself and his wife
by catching and selling birds.

Day after day the fowler listened
while the leader of the quails
talked to the rest of the company.

He learned that the leader's call,
"Bob White! Bob White!"
would bring the quails together.
So he called, "Bob White! Bob White!"
At once all the quails flew to him.

Then the clever fowler
threw a large net over the quails
and caught many of them.

The next morning he went to market,
and there he sold the birds.

The wise leader of the quails
saw how the fowler had planned
to catch his whole flock of quails.

Then the wise leader called,
"Bob White! Bob White!"
Instantly the quails flew near,
and he told them about their enemy.
"What will become of us!"
cried the poor quails.
"I have thought of a way of escape,"
the wise leader said.
"You must be ready to work together,
or we shall not succeed.
The next time the clever fowler
tries to catch you with his net,
put your heads through the meshes.
Then all pull hard and fly together
to the nearest thorn bush.
The sharp thorns will catch the net
so that you can leave it on the bush.
Then all fly over to the meadow."

The next day the fowler called,
"Bob White! Bob White!"

All the birds flew to him,
and he caught them in his net.
Obeying their leader, the quails
lifted the net and flew to the bush.
Then they flew over to the meadow

It took the fowler until evening
to pull his net off the thorn bush.
He went home without any quails.

For several days Hindu Sykes
tried to snare the quails,
but he did not catch one.

"Never mind," he said to his wife,
"I shall catch those quails yet.
While they are working together,
they can free themselves from my net.
When they quarrel, it will be my turn."

MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

So the fowler waited.

A few days later one of the quails stepped on the wing of another quail, and a little feather fell out.

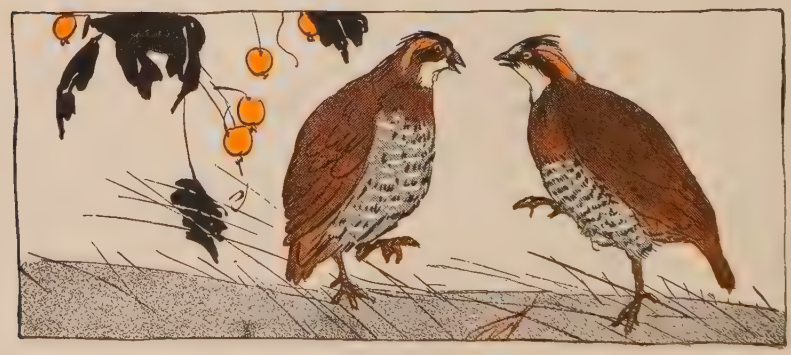
"How dare you pick my feathers?" cried the injured quail.

"Please excuse me, I meant no harm," the first quail replied.

"Indeed, you did," said the second bird.

And a foolish quarrel was started.

The whole flock became excited and took sides in the quarrel.



While they were scolding each other,
the fowler came to the meadow
and threw his large net
over all the quails.

"Why do you not lift the net?"
called one side to the other.

"We do not intend to lift it.
We did all of the work last time,"
replied the second side.

This was the fowler's chance.
While the birds were quarreling,
he caught them in his large net
and carried them to market.

When the leader of the quails
saw the birds in the net, he said,
"My poor little quails!
The enemy was sure to catch you
when you no longer worked together."

THE FAIRY ARTIST

Oh, there is a little artist
  Who paints in the cold night hours,
Pictures of wee, wee children,
  Of wondrous trees and flowers;
Pictures of snow-capped mountains
  Touching the snow-white sky;
Pictures of distant oceans,
  Where pygmy ships sail by;

Pictures of rushing rivers,
  By fairy bridges spanned;
Bits of beautiful landscapes,
  Copied from elfin land.
The moon is the lamp he paints by,
  His canvas the windowpane,
His brush is a frozen snowflake;
  Jack Frost is the artist's name.

CEDAR TREE'S REWARD

One day, soon after harvest,
North Wind sent word to Autumn
that he intended to make her a visit.
All the birds shivered
at the mention of North Wind.
They knew that he brought the cold.

They said, "Let us fly to the South where it is warm."

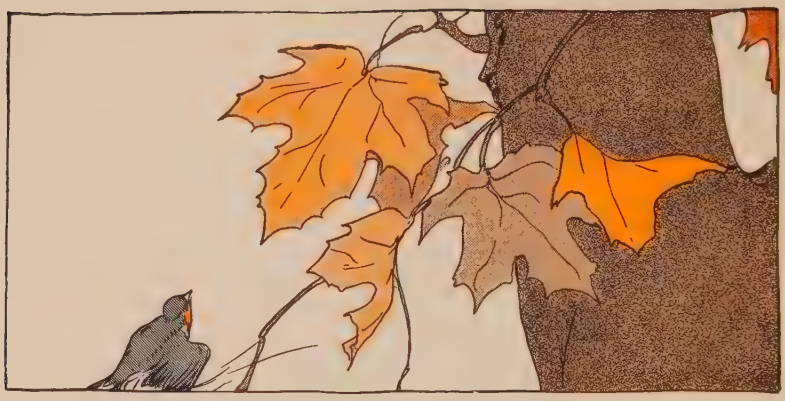
Bluebird lived in an apple tree.

He prepared to leave his nest, to go with the rest of the birds.

Robin flew by the apple tree. He called to his little friend, "Bluebird, are you ready to go with me to the warm South? It is time to fly from North Wind."

In Bluebird's haste to follow Robin, he flew against a branch of the apple tree. One of his wings was broken, and he fell to the ground.

"What shall I do?" cried Bluebird. "I can never travel far away to the South, with this broken wing.



Perhaps beautiful Maple Tree
will protect me and keep me warm
while blustering North Wind is here."

So Bluebird hopped to the tree.

"Beautiful Maple Tree," said the bird,
"may I live among your leaves
until Spring returns once more?
I have a broken wing and cannot fly."

But Maple Tree was dreaming.
She was going to dance at a party,
to the wild music of North Wind.

Maple Tree stood dreaming
about the beautiful dress
that she would wear to the party.
It was made of pretty leaves,
the brightest of red and yellow!

So Maple Tree did not hear
Bluebird's plaintive call.

Then Bluebird fluttered along
until he came to a large elm tree.
Its branches were thickly covered
with brown leaves.

"This tree would be a fine shelter,"
said Bluebird to himself.
"I will ask him to help me.

"Elm Tree, you are so tall,
will you protect me?" said the bird.
"Please shelter me in your branches
until Spring returns once more!"

"No, indeed!" Elm Tree replied.
"I could not think of such a thing.
I would never even speak to anything
so tiny as a bird."

Poor Bluebird hopped on and on,
until he came to a chestnut tree.

"Ah!" cried Bluebird,
"These wide-spreading branches
would make a very cozy place
in which to hide from North Wind.
I will ask Chestnut Tree to help me."

So Bluebird dragged himself
to the chestnut tree and said,
"May I live among your warm branches
until Spring returns once more?"

But Chestnut Tree replied,
"I could not think of such a thing.
You might eat my chestnuts."

"Poor Bluebird!" said Cedar Tree,
who was standing near by.
"Come to me and tell me, little bird,
why you are sad."

"I am sad because no tree
will shelter me from the storms
while North Wind is here,"
replied the little bird.

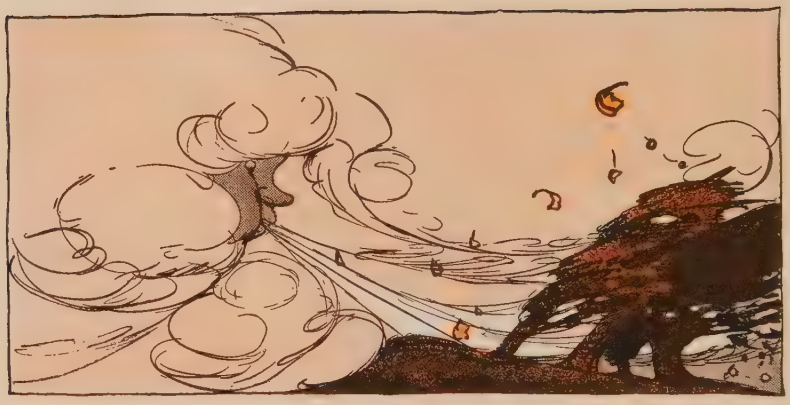
"You may come and stay with me,
in one of my warmest branches,
and you may eat some of my berries,"
said kind Cedar Tree.

Then Little Bluebird's heart
beat fast with joy and hope.
He had found a home at last.

"Thank you, Cedar Tree," he said.
"Now North Wind will not find me."

So the tired little bird
fluttered to a branch of the tree.
There he perched, safe and warm.

That very night Jack Frost
sent North Wind to blow wild music.



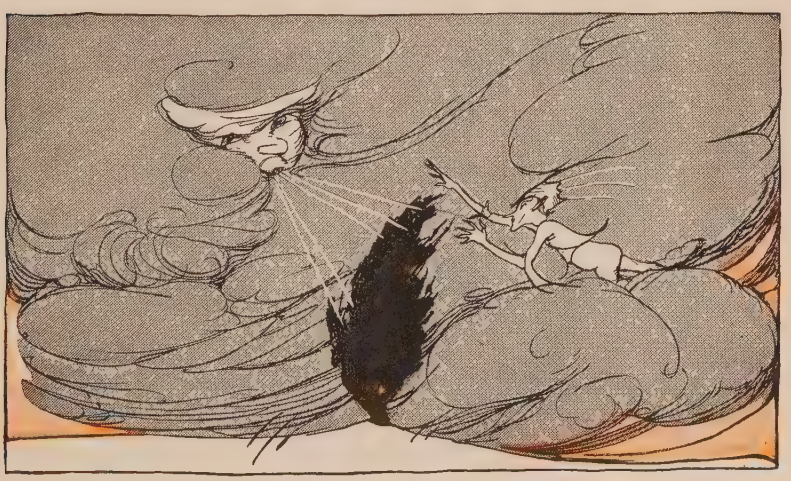
Gayly-dressed Maple Tree
danced fast and merrily.
Her pretty red and yellow leaves
whirled round and round.
She stood panting and breathless
after her wild dance.

How North Wind roared
as the trees danced to his music!
He piped his shrill notes
while the leaves kept whirling
down to the ground.

"I shall keep on with my playing
until every leaf is on the ground,"
roared blustering North Wind.

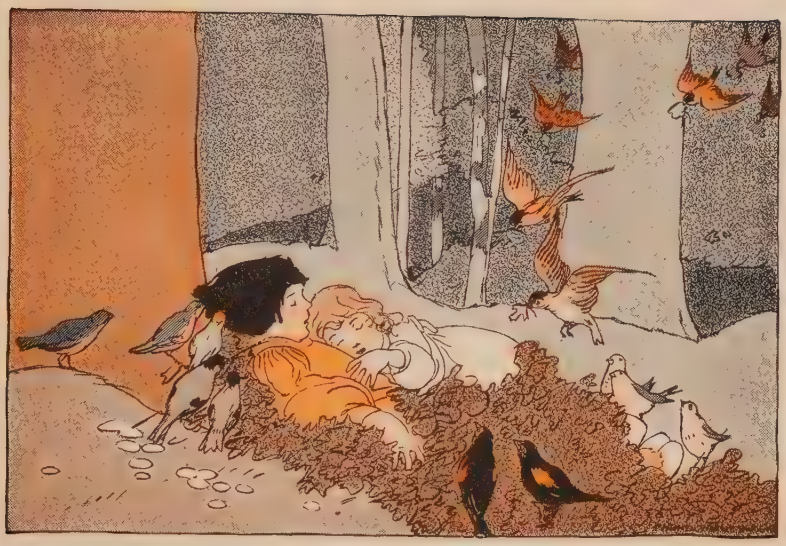
When North Wind saw the leaves
on Cedar Tree's branches,
he started to blow still harder.

Then Jack Frost called,
"Do not blow any of the leaves
from Cedar Tree,
because she shelters the little bird."



North Wind obeyed Jack Frost, and Cedar Tree kept her leaves throughout the winter.
The bird and the tree were happy.

And, to this very day,
Cedar Tree does not shed her leaves, no matter how hard North Wind blows.



THE BABES IN THE WOOD

My dear, do you know
How a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away
On a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood,
As I've heard people say?

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!
They sobbed, and they sighed,
And they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things
They lay down and died.
And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves
And over them spread;
And all the day long,
They sang them this song—
"Poor babes in the wood!
Poor babes in the wood!
And don't you remember
The babes in the wood?"

PRINCE ROLAND

Once upon a time,
King Louis said to the queen,
"I am old and no longer wish to rule.
I cannot decide which of our sons
should succeed me as king,
for all three are worthy."

"Give them some task to perform,
and choose the most successful one
to be king in your place,"
said the queen.

"That is surely a bright idea!"
the king exclaimed.

So he called his three sons.

"I would like to have a little dog
no larger than your mother's hand,"
said King Louis to his sons.
"Go at once and search for the dog
and return within a year."

The three princes bowed low.
They bade farewell
to the king and the queen
and then started on their journey.

The two older brothers
saw many strange sights,
but Prince Roland, the youngest,
saw the most wonderful sights.

Prince Roland traveled many days.

One night he lost his way
in a dark forest, far from home.
After a time he saw a bright light
shining in the distance.

The prince ran toward the light,
and great was his surprise
when he stood before a castle!

In an instant he reached the gates,
and he knocked loudly to be admitted.

The gates flew open, and some one said,
"Welcome, Prince Roland!"

Prince Roland crossed the court
and entered the great hall.
There, upon a high platform,
sat a number of white cats.
They were playing sweet music.

"Surely I must be dreaming!"
Prince Roland thought.

Then he heard a strange sound,
pitter-pat, pitter-pat, pitter-pat,
and there, bowing before him,
stood a beautiful white cat!

"I am Princess Angora," she said,
"and this is my castle.
You are welcome, Prince Roland.
The table is spread. Come and dine."

Once more the music sounded.

Princess Angora and Prince Roland sat down to a dainty meal.

Princess Angora listened while Prince Roland told his story.

The sound of the bugle call,
early next day, awakened the prince.

The princess and her attendants
were ready for their morning ride.
Prince Roland soon joined the party.

A queer sight they were to be sure!
The princess rode on a white monkey.
Prince Roland rode by her side,
mounted upon a wooden horse.
The attendants followed behind,
some on frogs, others on squirrels.

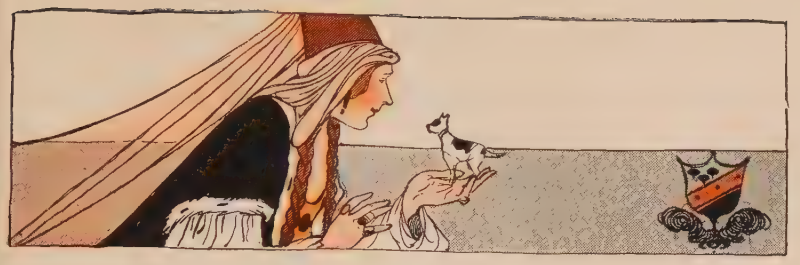
Each day brought new pleasures.
The time sped merrily along.

The prince enjoyed himself so well
that he had quite forgotten
about the important errand
upon which his father had sent him.

One morning Princess Angora said,
"You have only three days
in which to reach the king's palace."

"What is the use of my going?
It would take more than three days
to find such a tiny dog,"
Prince Roland replied.

"You have nothing to fear,
for I have secured the prize for you.
Inside of this horse-chestnut shell
is the smallest dog in the world,"
said Princess Angora.



The older brothers reached home
before Prince Roland arrived.
Everyone admired the two dogs
which they had brought.
But, alas! Both dogs were larger
than the queen's hand.

Then the youngest prince arrived
and presented his gift to the king.

In an instant the horse-chestnut
cracked open, and out jumped
the tiniest dog in the world!
The dog sprang into the queen's hand,
glad to rest there.

Later that day the king said,
"Surely our youngest son
has won my throne and crown."

Then the queen replied,
"Do you not think that your kingdom
should be given to the son
who can find the loveliest bride,
to become his queen?"

"A bright idea!" exclaimed the king.
And he called his three sons.

"Go forth," said King Louis,
"and search for a princess
who is as beautiful as your mother.
To the son who succeeds best,
I shall give my crown."

So the three sons rode away.

The youngest son rode to the castle
of Princess Angora.

Princess Angora welcomed him,
and once more there followed
a season of merrymaking.
Again Prince Roland forgot
about the important errand
on which his father had sent him.

One morning Princess Angora said,
"The year has almost passed away.
Have you another task to perform?"
"Oh, yes! My good father, King Louis,
has commanded that we search
for a beautiful princess
as lovely as our mother.
What is the use of searching?
Nowhere is there a princess
so lovely as our mother."

"Perhaps you may be mistaken,"
Princess Angora replied.

Then she gave him a sword and said,
"Prince Roland, cut off my head!"

"Oh, I can not!" the prince replied.

But the princess said again,
"Prince Roland, cut off my head!"

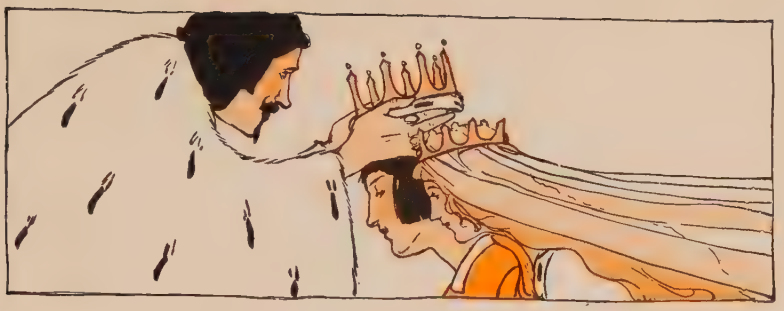
At last he obeyed, and the white cat was changed into a fair maiden.

Prince Roland loved her at once,
and he begged the lovely maiden
to become his bride.
The princess gladly promised
to be Prince Roland's wife.
Then she told him her story.
"My mother died when I was a baby,
and I went to live with the fairies.
They treated me very kindly
until I refused to marry one of them.
Then they became very angry.

They changed me into a white cat.

"I was forced to remain a cat
until my Prince Charming
came to break the spell.
You are my Prince Charming."

The prince and the princess
were married the very next day.



Then they started on their journey
to the court of King Louis.

When they arrived at the palace,
everyone exclaimed at the beauty
of the lovely princess.
She was indeed as beautiful
as the queen.
The happy prince and princess
knelt before the king's throne.
A crown was placed upon each head,
and then King Louis said,
"Behold the new king and queen!"

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST

"To-whit! To-whit! To-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! To-whit! To-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow!

I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!
I'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To-whit! To-whit! To-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep. "Oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa-baa!" said the sheep, "Oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit! To-whit! To-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree, to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! Caw!" cried the crow,
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest, to-day?"

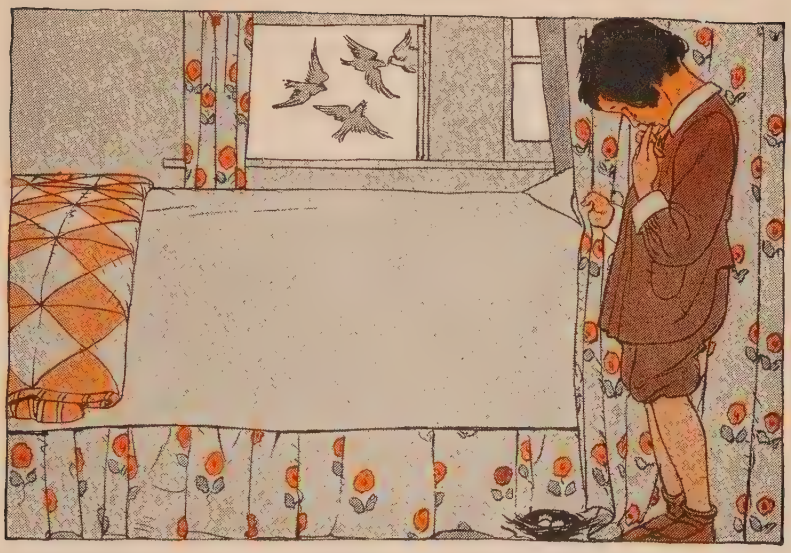
"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again.
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.

I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry, 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green.
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal.
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?"



A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

PUNCHINELLO

Punchinello was a little brownie.
He was full of mischief
and was always playing pranks.

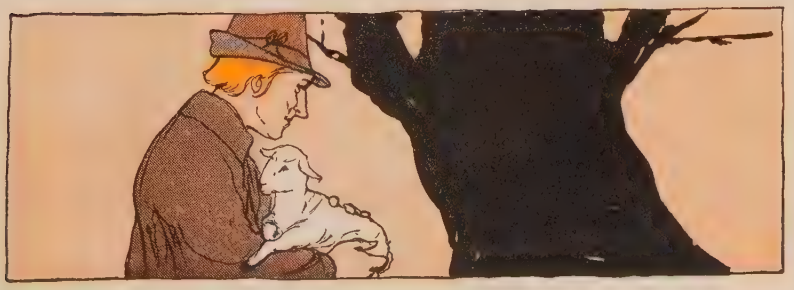
Punchinello could change himself
into any form that he wished.
He wore a magic coat
which made him disappear.

Whenever a prank was played,
all the people would say,
"Cross your fingers and watch out,
For Punchinello is about."

Punchinello had only one fear.
If ever he were caught napping,
he would lose his magic power,
and would belong
to the one who caught him.

Once a farmer was walking in a field.
He heard a low, bleating sound,
and there lay a poor little lamb!

The farmer picked up the lamb
and carried it in his arms,
but the lamb grew heavier
with every step the farmer took.



As he passed by a tree, some one said,
"Where are you, little lamb?"

"In the arms of a ninny!"

The lamb at once became the brownie.
The farmer reached to take him,
but Punchinello had vanished.

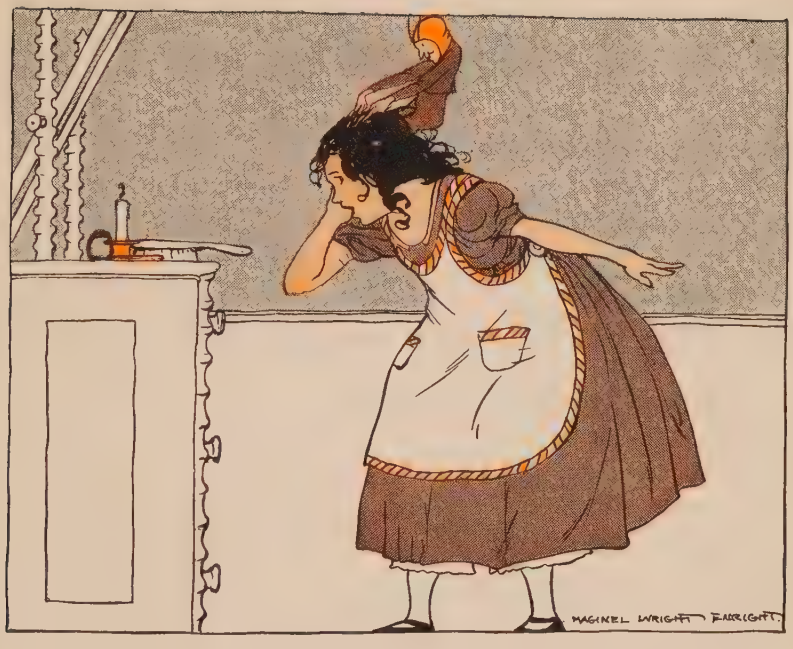
He cried, in a wee voice,

"Chee, chee, chee, I'm Mr. Punchi,
Chee, chee, chee, I'm Mr. Nello.
Come and catch me if you can,
I'm Mr. Punchinello."

One day little May sulked,
because she did not wish
to have her mother comb her hair.

Punchinello was about,
and he changed himself into a snarl
in the midst of May's golden curls.

"Ouch, ouch!" screamed May.

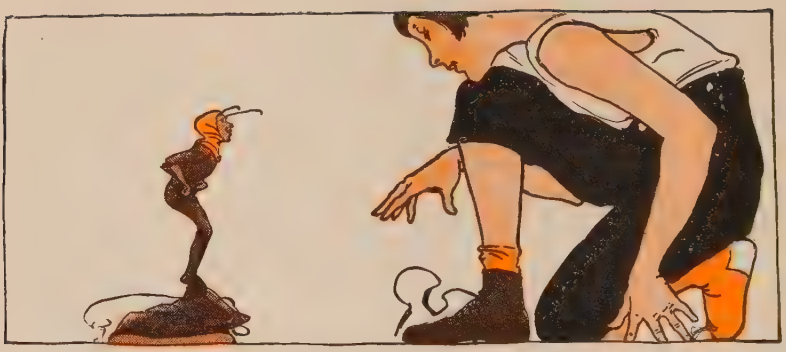


She heard a merry laugh above her, and there was the brownie.

Then Punchinello disappeared.

He cried, in a wee voice,

"Chee, chee, chee, I'm Mr. Punchi,
Chee, chee, chee, I'm Mr. Nello.
Come and catch me if you can,
I'm Mr. Punchinello."



"Tom! Tom!" called his mother.
"It is time to dress for school."

But Tom was too sleepy to hear.

"It is eight o'clock," called his mother.

Then he jumped quickly out of bed.

Punchinello was about,
and the brownie changed himself
into a knot in Tom's shoe string.

Oh, how Tom tugged at that string!

Suddenly he heard a merry laugh,
and there was the little brownie
perched on the top of his shoe.

The brownie cried, in a wee voice,
"Chee, chee, chee, I'm Mr. Punchi,
Chee, chee, chee, I'm Mr. Nello.
Come and catch me if you can,
I'm Mr. Punchinello."

And so for many, many years
Punchinello played his pranks.

If the brownie became tired,
he would go to the forest to rest.
Then he would take two gold threads
and tie his eyelids to his eyebrows.

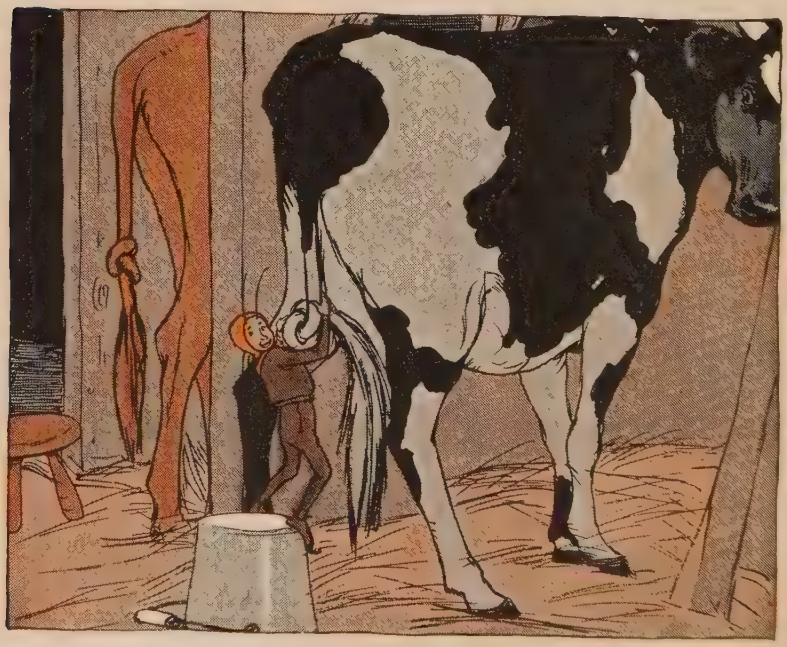
"I never shall be caught napping
while I have these gold threads,"
Punchinello said.

At last the brownie wandered
to the country ruled by Old King Cole.

One night he went to the barn
where the king's cows were kept.

He changed himself into a mouse
and gnawed a hole in the floor.
Then he ran among the cows.
He became a brownie once more,
and he tied a knot in each cow's tail.

When the farmer saw the knots, he said,
"Cross your fingers and watch out,
For Punchinello is about."



Sure enough, there was the brownie seated on the back of one of the cows.

The farmer reached to take him, but he had vanished.

The brownie cried, in a wee voice,

"Chee, chee, chee, I'm Mr. Punchi,
Chee, chee, chee, I'm Mr. Nello.
Come and catch me if you can,
I'm Mr. Punchinello."

King Cole heard about these pranks.

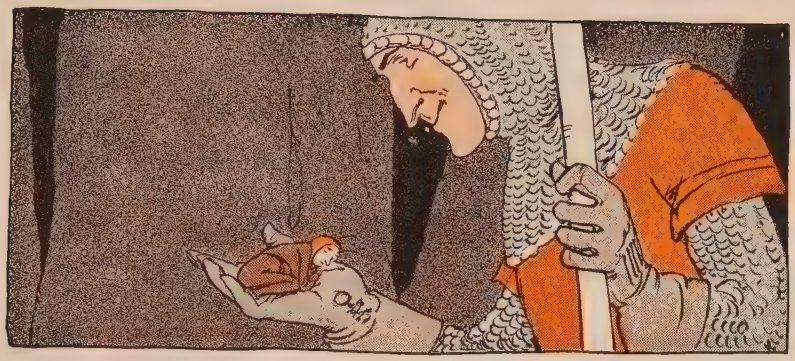
"What a comical little fellow Punchinello must be!"

Old King Cole said to his soldiers. "I should like him for Court Jester. I will give a thousand gold pieces to the one who catches him."

Then the king's soldiers started in search of Punchinello.

In the evening, one of the soldiers
was walking through the forest.
He heard a queer little sound,
as if some one were weeping.

Then he saw little Punchinello
searching in the grass and crying,
"Oh, where are my little gold threads?
I have lost my little gold threads!
If I should be caught napping,
what would become of me?"



Punchinello looked and looked,
but he could not find the threads.

At last he said to himself,
"There is no one here to see me.
I will lie down and rest."

The merry little fellow
was soon fast asleep under a tree.

Then the king's soldier
tiptoed to the place under the tree
where Punchinello lay asleep.
He lifted the little fellow gently
and carried him to King Cole.

When King Cole saw Punchinello,
he was very much pleased.
He gave the prize to the soldier
who had found the brownie.

Then Old King Cole
ordered his three fiddlers to play.

The sound of the music
awakened little Punchinello.
He jumped up and began to dance.

When the dance was over,
Punchinello saw the people.
He tried to disappear but could not,
for he had lost his magic power.

Then Old King Cole said,
"At last, Punchinello,
you have been caught napping.
Hereafter you shall belong to me
and shall be my Court Jester."

King Cole gave Punchinello
a suit of clothes of many colors.
He gave him a cap and slippers
from which dangled tiny bells.
The bells made a tinkling sound
wherever Punchinello went.

The little brownie could not escape.

It was not like him to be sad,
so he began to make merry
with Old King Cole and the court.

How his pranks delighted the king!

Since that time Punchinello
has remained with Old King Cole.

The brownie's many queer pranks
keep the king merry.

And that is why —

"Old King Cole
Is a merry old soul."

THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing?
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the country side.

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

COME WITH A WHOOP
COME WITH A CALL
COME WITH A GOOD WILL
OR NOT AT ALL
MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

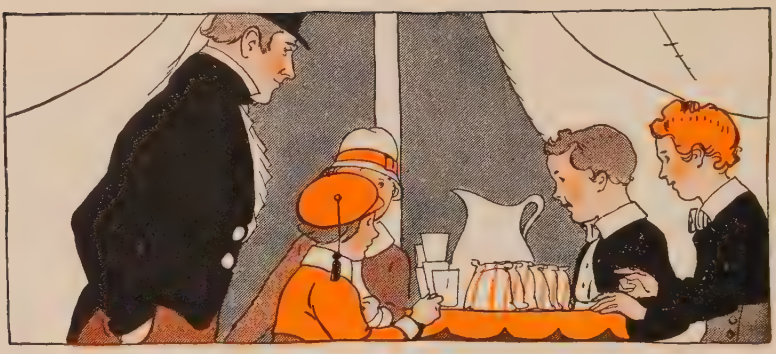
"Oh, you should see the sign
on the billboard down the street!
A Mother Goose Circus is coming!"
said Allan to Joe.

"Hurrah!" Joe exclaimed.
"Perhaps, if we are good, we may go."

You have never seen better boys
than Allan and Joe were all that week.
They remembered to shine their shoes.
They did not once forget to say,
"Thank you," and "If you please."

They were so very, very good
that their mother began to worry
for fear they were ill.

Father knew better than that,
for he had once been a boy himself.



At last Circus Day arrived,
and the boys started for the show.

How fine the canvas tents looked
in the green field!
On each tent were many flags.

At the entrance stood Handy Spandy,
selling peanuts and lemonade.

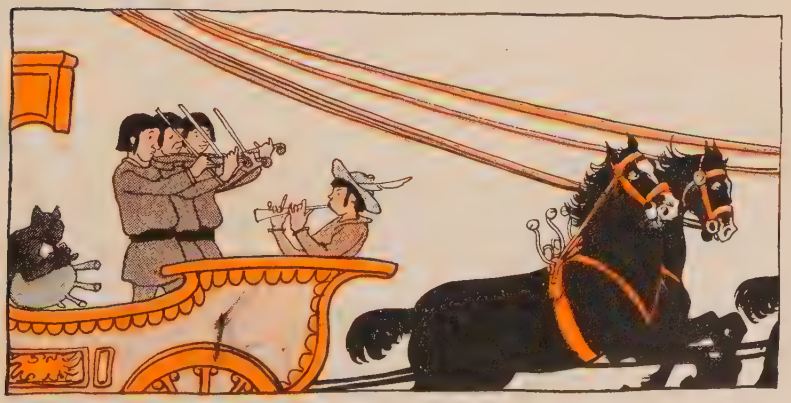
"Please buy some peanuts!" Joe said.
Their father bought some peanuts.

The circus was about to begin,
so the boys went to their seats.

Suddenly the curtain was opened. A blast from Little Boy Blue's horn told them that the procession was ready to start around the ring.

First came a gilded band wagon drawn by four jet-black horses. Tom, the piper's son, sat in the wagon.

"Tom with his pipe,
Made such a noise,
That he pleased right well
Both girls and boys."



There was also a cat that —

"Came playing out of the barn,
With a pair of bagpipes
Under his arm."

Old King Cole's fiddlers three were in the band wagon, too.

Old King Cole himself came next, riding in a beautiful chariot drawn by eight snow-white horses.

Then followed noble lords, on horses which went,

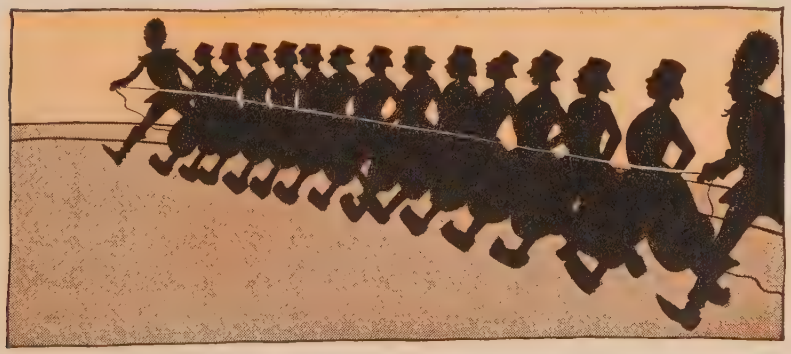
"Gallop-a-trot, gallop-a-trot."

Behind them came fair ladies whose horses trotted,

"Hobbledy-hop, hobbledy-hop."

Then appeared a giant shoe on wheels. In the shoe sat the Old Woman, with all her children.

One boy tried to jump out,
so he was spanked and put to bed.
Following the shoe were —
"Three rats with black felt hats,
Three ducks with white straw flats,
Three dogs with curling tails,
Three cats with pretty veils."
The band played a lively march, and —
"Nixie, dixie, hickory bow,
Came thirteen Dutchmen in a row;
Two corporals held a piece of twine,
To help the Dutchmen keep in line."



"Oh, look!" said Joe,
and he pointed to the top of the tent.

There was dear Mother Goose,
flying on her Gander into the ring.

How the children cheered
when they saw their friend!

"Dear Old Mother Goose,
When she came in,
Turned her son Jack,
Into Harlequin.

"She then with her wand
Touched a lady so fine,
And turned her at once
Into sweet Columbine."

Then the Gander flew away,
and Old King Cole and Mother Goose
seated themselves in the royal box.

MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

Harlequin and Columbine
were the first to perform.
They sang together,

"Wing, wang, waddle O,
Jack sing saddle O,
Merry boys bubble O,
Under the moon."

Then Columbine danced on her toes.

Harlequin tried to dance, too,
but he was so clumsy
that he stumbled more than he danced.

Then Harlequin sang alone,

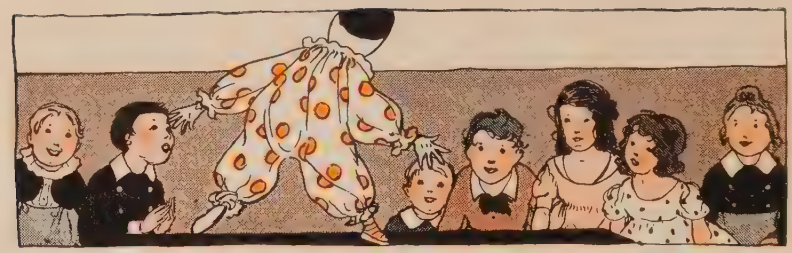
"The fisherman's daughter,
She lives o'er the water;
She's going to be married
Next Sunday to me."

The Cock-Horse from Banbury Cross
was brought into the ring.

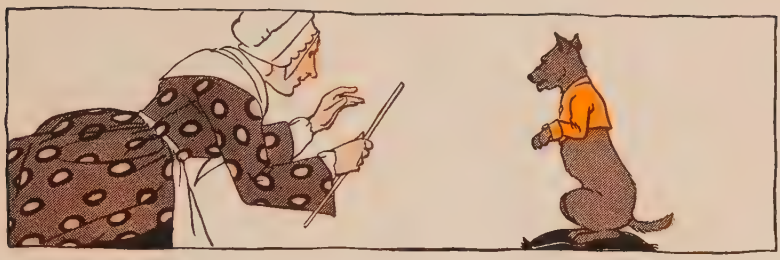
Harlequin and Columbine
jumped on the back of the Cock-Horse
and rode around the ring.
They jumped through hoops
and performed other clever tricks.

Then Harlequin and Columbine sang,

"Sing, song, merry-go-round,
Here we go, up to the moon O!"



And sure enough, the Cock-Horse
all at once sprang into the air
and began to gallop toward the moon.
The "Pig without a wig"
saw them rise from the ring.
He "flew up in the air," but —
"The man in brown
Soon brought him down."
Then a high wall
was pushed into the ring.
The children were delighted
to see their old friend Humpty Dumpty
sitting on the wall.
He was dressed like a clown.



Humpty Dumpty danced and sang,

"Here we dance Looby Loo,
Here we dance Looby Loo,
Here we dance Looby Loo,
Dance with all your might."

Then he stopped dancing and said,

"Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone."

In came Mother Hubbard with her dog. The dog sat in a chair, smoked a pipe, and read a newspaper.

He rode a goat and danced a jig.

Then the dog lay down
and pretended to be dead.

When Mother Hubbard patted him,
the dog jumped up and laughed,
and then he stood on his head.
The "Crooked Man
Walked a crooked mile,"
and Peter Piper
"Picked a peck of pickled peppers."

Then the lights were lowered.

Professor Know-it-all came in,
to show his magic power.

"Hocus, pocus! Hocus, pocus!" he said.
Then —

"The Dog flew in with a saddle,
The little Pig rocked the cradle,
The Dog jumped up on the table,
And the big Pot swallowed the ladle."

Professor Know-it-all waved his hands
and said, "Hocus, pocus! Hocus, pocus!"
There stood a great pie.
He opened the pie.
Out flew four and twenty blackbirds.

"When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing."

The cow was now to make her jump.
The moon was hung high up in the tent
In flew the Old Woman in her basket.
In her hand she carried a broom.
She flew up to the moon
and swept off the cobwebs.

Then the Old Woman flew out
through a hole in the tent.

The cow stepped on the springboard
and bowed to the children.

The band played "Hey, Diddle, Diddle."

Then the cow gave a spring
and jumped over the moon.

When Humpty Dumpty saw the dog
laugh to see such sport, he thought,
"Wait until he sees me
jump over the moon!"

So he sprang into the air, but —

"The man in the moon
Came down too soon,"

and ran into Humpty Dumpty.
So Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.

"Oh, that is too bad!"
all the children cried at once.

King Cole sent his men and horses to try to lift Humpty Dumpty.

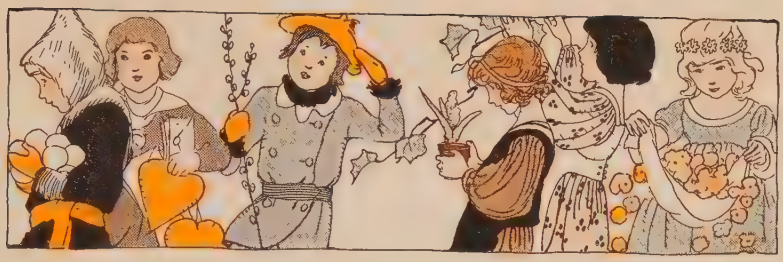
"But all the king's horses,
And all the king's men,
Could not put Humpty Dumpty
Together again."

At that moment came Dr. Foster, who "had been to Gloucester
In a shower of rain."

Good Doctor Foster was sorry, too.
"The little children," he said,
"would lose much of their fun
if there were no Humpty Dumpty."

So the doctor took his magic plaster
and put Humpty Dumpty together.

They placed him on his wall,
and there he remains to this day,
the merriest of Mother Goose clowns.

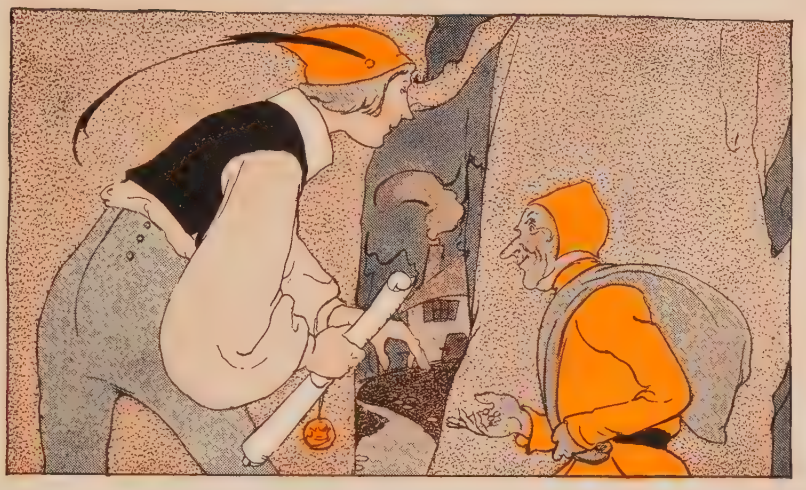


THE MONTHS

January brings the ice and snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.
February brings St. Valentine, —
Letters to your house and mine.
March brings breezes very shrill,
And pussy willows by the rill.
April brings the primrose sweet,
Tulip and hyacinth — what a treat!

May hangs leaves upon the trees,
Swaying and swaying in the breeze.
June brings daisies and pink roses,
Fills our arms with pretty posies.
Hot July brings cooling showers,
And many, many fragrant flowers.
August brings the poppies red,
Sunflowers towering overhead.

September brings the goldenrod:
On breezy days, just see it nod!
October paints the maple leaves;
They gayly dance upon the trees.
November sends the chilling blast,
And then the leaves go whirling fast.
December brings the bright red holly,
When boys and girls are glad and jolly.



PRINCESS LILY

"The Princess Lily never laughs. Our lovely princess never laughs," sighed Hans, the king's messenger.

He was walking toward the woods. As he walked he talked to himself.

"Why does the princess never laugh?" some one asked, in a tiny, wee voice.

Hans looked around quickly and saw, close by, a queer little dwarf.

"She has never laughed in all her life,
and our king will give great wealth
to anyone who can make her laugh,"
replied Hans.

"You can win this great wealth,
if you wish to try, my friend,"
said the dwarf.
"Listen carefully to what I say.
To-morrow, when the sun rises,
go to yonder lake.
Upon it a snow-white swan
will be swimming about.
Give these magic crumbs to the swan,
and she will follow you willingly.

"Everyone you meet will exclaim
at the beauty of the swan's feathers.
You must allow anyone who wishes,
to try to pull out a feather.

"As the feather is pulled,
the swan will give a scream.
Then you must call out at once,
'Swan, hold fast!'

"The hand that touches the feather
will be held fast.
The hand will not be free again
until you touch it with the wand
which I now give to you.

"Soon a curious chain of people
will be held fast to the swan.
Lead the chain of people
to the palace of the king.
The comical sight
will make the Princess laugh."

Then the dwarf disappeared.
Hans walked on through the woods.

The next morning, he went to the lake.

The white swan was swimming about, looking like a beautiful boat.
The swan ate the magic crumbs which Hans held in his hands.

Then Hans started toward the palace carrying the swan under his arm.

Hans passed a large building where some girls were making dyes.

The girls looked at the swan.

"What a fine bird!" a girl cried. "I wish that I had one of its feathers."

"You may take one," said Hans.

The girl grasped a white feather from the swan's tail.

The swan screamed, and Hans called, "Swan, hold fast!"

The girl was held fast to the swan. She pulled with all her might. The more she tried to pull away, the harder the other girls laughed.

At that moment, a boy ran out to see why the girls were laughing so hard. He put out his hand to free the girl.

The swan screamed, and Hans called, "Swan, hold fast!"

The boy was held fast to the girl.

Then Hans and the swan, followed by the girl and the boy, walked along toward the palace.

They met a man with a dancing bear.

"What is the matter?" called the man.

Still leading the dancing bear, the man grasped the hand of the boy.

The swan screamed, and Hans called, "Swan, hold fast!"

The man and the dancing bear became a part of the curious chain.

Then Hans and the swan, followed by the girl, the boy, and the man with the bear, started once more for the palace.

A circus had come to the village.

At the door of one of the tents stood a funny clown, in red and white, with bells hanging from his cap.

How he laughed at the chain of people!

"Have you, too, joined a circus?" he asked the man with the bear.

The clown took hold of the stick that the bear held in his paw.

The swan screamed, and Hans called, "Swan, hold fast!"

The clown was held fast to the stick.

MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

Then Hans and the swan,
followed by the girl, the boy,
the man with the dancing bear,
and the clown in red and white,
started once more for the palace.

An organ grinder came next.

With a laugh, the merry clown
caught hold of the old man's coat.

The organ grinder and his monkey
were both held fast to the clown.

Then Hans and the swan,
followed by the girl, the boy,
the man with the bear,
the clown in red and white,
the organ grinder, and the monkey,
started once more for the palace.

The mayor of the town and his wife
were riding by in their carriage.

The mayor became very angry
when he saw the strange sight,
and at once he left his carriage.
He caught hold of the organ grinder.

The swan screamed, and Hans called,
"Swan, hold fast!"
And the mayor, too, was held fast.

His wife took hold of the mayor's arm.
She was held fast to the mayor.

The mayor and his wife
were very angry when they became
a part of the procession.

Then Hans and the swan,
followed by the girl, the boy,
the man with the dancing bear,
the clown in red and white,
the organ grinder with the monkey,
and the mayor with his wife,
started once more for the palace.

The towers of the king's palace
now appeared in front of Hans.
As he was about to enter the gates,
a golden chariot came in sight.

Seated in the golden chariot
was the young and lovely princess—
the princess who never laughed.

When the curious procession
reached the golden chariot,
it amused Princess Lily greatly,
and she began to laugh.

All the king's attendants laughed, too.
The king was delighted.

"My good friend," he said to Hans,
"you shall have much gold
and shall live in a splendid palace."

Hans bowed low before the king.
Then, taking his magic wand, he said,
"Swan, let go!"

All the captives were set free.

Princess Lily admired the swan
and stroked its pretty feathers.

At that instant, Hans waved his wand,
and the swan rose high in the air.

It circled round and round,
then disappeared from sight.

The happy and grateful king
gave the smiling Princess Lily
to Hans, to be his bride.

They were married the next day,
and lived happily in the palace.

One evening, Careless Carl
sat in a chair beside the table.
There was a scowl on his face,
because he was to study his lesson.

Presently he closed the book, saying,
"I can never learn this lesson!
It is too hard, and besides,
the page is torn, where I must study."

He had hardly said these words
when a tall, shadowy figure
appeared at the open window.

Careless Carl glanced up quickly,
wondering who was at the window.
He could see nothing there,
for at that moment the wind blew,
and his eyes were filled with sand.

The tall, shadowy figure
slipped into the room and sang softly,

"The Sandman am I,
Lullaby, lullaby;
I'm blowing the sand
Into each sleepy eye."

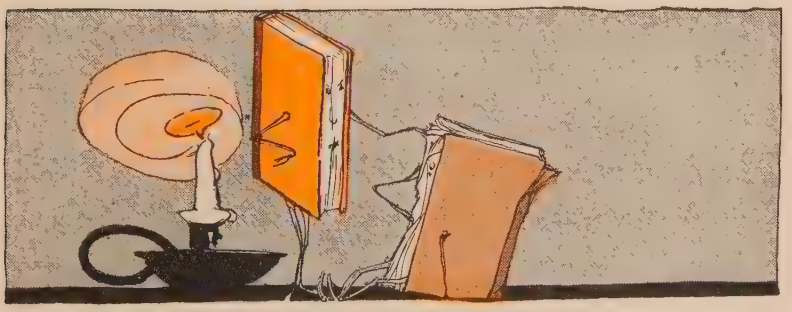
Then, as Careless Carl's head
began to nod, the Sandman added,
in a soft, crooning voice,
"A drowsy, drowsy head bent down,
Is going with me to Dreamland Town."

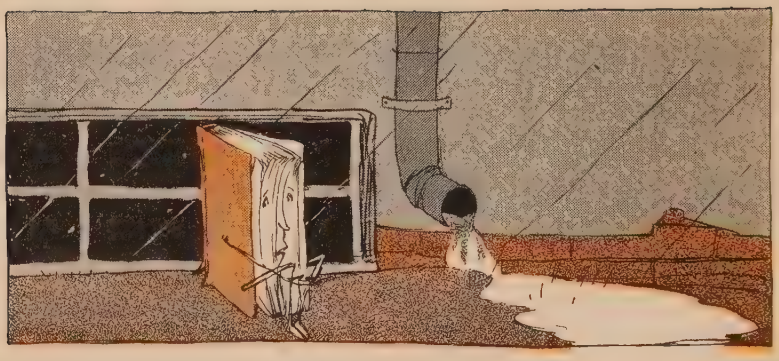
"How are you, Paper-Covered Book?"
cried Linen-Covered Book,
as he jumped gayly upon the table.

"Indeed, I am not very well,"
Paper-Covered Book replied.
"Careless Carl straps me so tightly
that my back aches all the time."

"I am sorry," said Linen-Covered Book.
"You certainly do look
like a poor, lame soldier!
I have had better luck.
Tidy Tom is very good to me.
My back is always firm and straight,
for he never straps me too tightly.

"Tidy Tom's hands are always clean
when he studies his lessons,
so I have no soiled leaves.
He is very careful not to tear me,
and there are no marks on my pages."





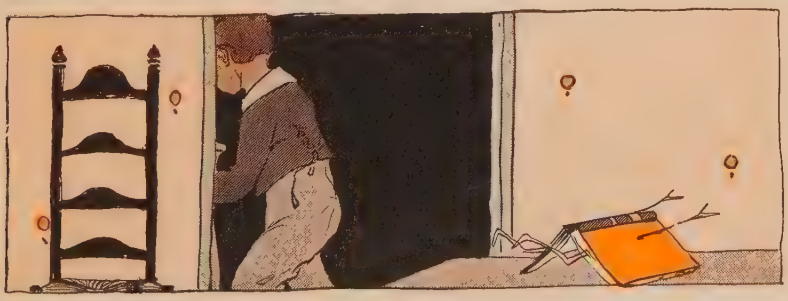
"How I envy you!" said the other book.
"Not only are my pages soiled,
but they are marked and torn.
Careless Carl said, this very night,
that he could not study his lessons,
because the page was so badly torn.
No clean boy will wish to read me again."

"The other day," he added,
"Careless Carl turned the corner
of one of my pages into a dog ear!
Oh, how I wanted to growl!

"Carl would have been surprised
if I had barked, 'Bow, wow!'
Once he tossed me into the air,
and my leaves were bent as I fell.

"Yesterday, when it rained,
Careless Carl left me out of doors.
Now I look old and wrinkled.
I need to be taken to a Book Hospital."

"I, too, was once very unhappy,"
said Linen-Covered Book.
"One day Tidy Tom's mother called him
when he was studying his lesson.



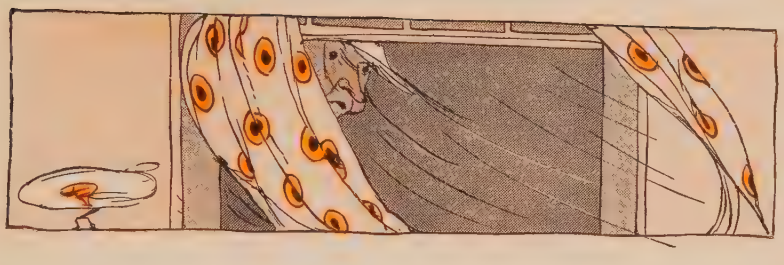
"Tom jumped up very quickly
and turned me downward on my face,
while he ran upstairs
to see what his mother wanted.

"Oh, how it did hurt!
It seemed as if it were hours
before Tidy Tom returned to the room
and lifted me up again.

"I suppose that I looked pale,
for ever since that time
Tidy Tom has used a bookmark.
Now he lays me carefully on my side
before he leaves me."

"Oo-oo-oo!" blew East Wind
through the open window.

East Wind sang as he blew,
"I blow and blow into his eyes,
And blow the sand up to the skies."



Careless Carl rubbed his eyes
and stared sleepily about him.
He looked for the two books,
but Linen-Covered Book was gone.

Then he reached for an eraser
and cleaned all the ugly marks
from the pages of Paper-Covered Book.
He patched the torn pages
and covered the book with new paper.

Though Careless Carl
was still feeling a little sleepy,
he thought he heard the book say,
"Thank you, kind boy,
you have made me very happy!"

STOP, STOP, PRETTY WATER

"Stop, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary, one day,
To a frolicsome brook,
That was running away.
"You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

"But I will run after:
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."
So Mary ran on;
But I have heard say,
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

MRS. FOLLEN

POUCHY PELICAN

Pouchy Pelican had worked hard,
and he was now very rich.
He owned a fine, large fishpond.

The king was riding by, one day,
when he saw this fine fishpond.

The king wished to own the pond,
for he liked to fish.
So he offered Pouchy Pelican
a large sum of money for the pond,
and the pelican agreed to sell it.

"I shall send the money soon,"
said the king.

The king failed to send the money, and Pouchy Pelican became angry.

"I shall go to the king's palace and demand the money for that pond," said Pouchy Pelican.

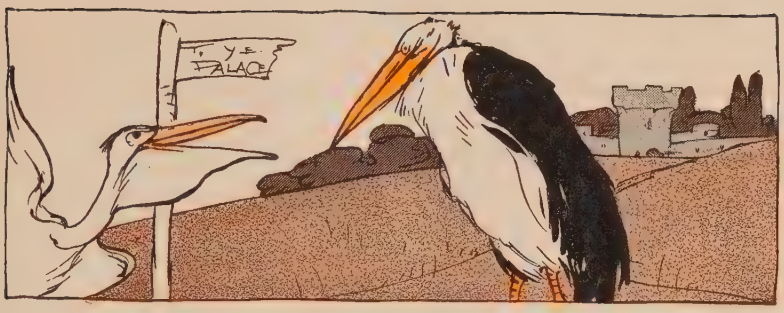
As Pouchy Pelican walked along, he shouted,

"Against the king I hold great malice,
He fails to pay me what he owes.
I go straightway unto his palace;
I'm numbered now among his foes."

"Shocking words! Shocking words!" he heard some one say.

He turned to see who had spoken, and there stood his friend Mr. Stork.

Pouchy Pelican told Mr. Stork how the king had failed to pay the money for the fishpond.



"I am on my way to the palace now," said Pouchy Pelican.

"Let me go with you," said Mr. Stork.

"Step right into my pouch,
for it is a very long journey."

A high step, a low step,
and into the pouch went Mr. Stork.

Pouchy Pelican walked on, shouting,
"Against the king I hold great malice,
He fails to pay me what he owes.
I go straightway unto his palace;
I'm numbered now among his foes."

"Shocking words! Shocking words!"
he heard some one say.

This time it was his friend Mr. Rope.

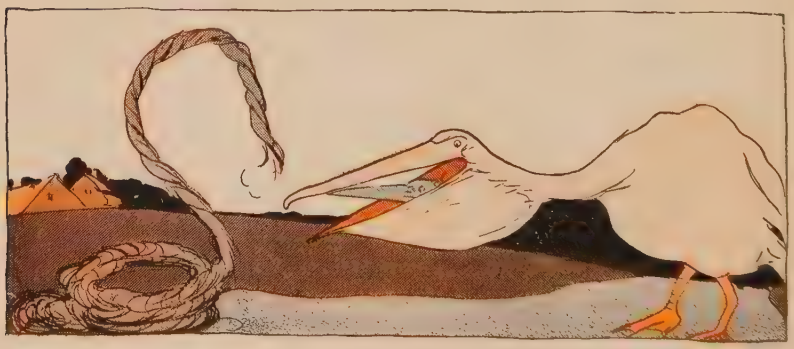
Pouchy Pelican told Mr. Rope
how the king had failed to pay
the money for the fishpond.

"I am on my way to the palace now,"
said Pouchy Pelican.

"Let me go with you," said Mr. Rope.

"Coil up in my pouch,
for it is a very long journey."

"A bright idea!" exclaimed Mr. Rope.



In the twinkling of an eye, Mr. Rope was in the pelican's pouch.

Pouchy Pelican shouted again,

"Against the king I hold great malice,
He fails to pay me what he owes.
I go straightway unto his palace;
I'm numbered now among his foes."

"Shocking words! Shocking words!" he heard some one say.

There was his friend Mr. Waterfall.

Pouchy Pelican told Mr. Waterfall how the king had failed to pay the money for the fishpond.

"I am on my way to the palace now," said Pouchy Pelican.

"Let me go, too," said Mr. Waterfall.

"Flow into my pouch,
for it is a very long journey."

In an instant, Mr. Waterfall
was in the pelican's pouch.

Pouchy Pelican walked along,
and again he shouted,
"Against the king I hold great malice,
He fails to pay me what he owes.
I go straightway unto his palace;
I'm numbered now among his foes."

"Shocking words! Shocking words!"
he heard some one say.

There was the poisonous spider,
Mr. Tarantula.

Pouchy Pelican told Mr. Tarantula
how the king had failed to pay
the money for the fishpond.

"I am on my way to the palace now,"
said Pouchy Pelican.

"Let me go, too," said Mr. Tarantula.

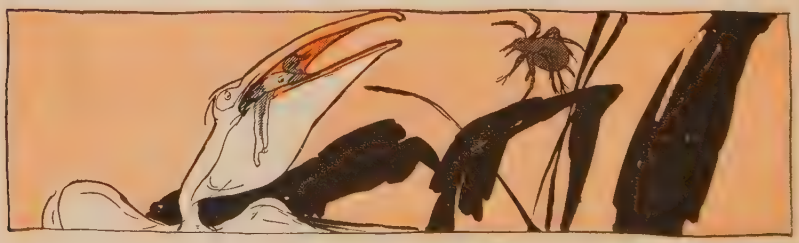
"Spring into my pouch,
for it is a very long journey."

In an instant, Mr. Tarantula
had joined the pelican's friends.

At last Pouchy Pelican arrived
at the gates of the king's palace.
He gave a very loud knock,
and the gatekeeper called,
"Who comes here?"

"It is I, Pouchy Pelican!
I demand to see the king!"

"The king will receive no one,"
said the gatekeeper.



"The king will surely see me!"
replied Pouchy Pelican.
"You will please tell the king that
Mr. Pouchy Pelican
Wants his fishpond back again."
When the king heard this,
he laughed, "Ha, ha, ha!"
"Put the pelican into the tank
with the alligator," ordered the king.
So Mr. Pouchy Pelican
soon found himself in the tank
with the sleeping alligator.
"I am as good as dead!"
sighed the pelican.
Then he remembered Mr. Stork,
and he cried,
"O Mr. Stork, please come to my aid!
Of this great alligator I am afraid!"

Out of the pouch jumped Mr. Stork.

Before the alligator could move, Mr. Stork had pecked him savagely.

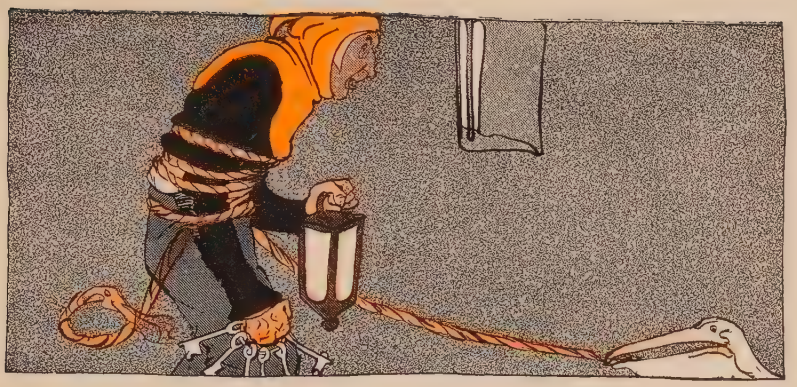
Then Pouchy Pelican and Mr. Stork ran back to the courtyard.

Again Pouchy Pelican shouted,

"Against the king I hold great malice,
He fails to pay me what he owes.
I go straightway unto his palace;
I'm numbered now among his foes."

How angry the king was, to hear that cry again!

"Put the pelican into the dungeon," ordered the king in a loud voice.



"I am as good as dead!"
sighed the pelican.

Then he remembered Mr. Rope,
and he called to his friend,
"The light of day I never shall see,
Unless the rope shall rescue me."

Mr. Rope heard Pouchy Pelican.
Out of the pouch he uncoiled.

Then Mr. Rope wound himself
about the jailor's body so tightly
that the jailor could not move.

At once Pouchy Pelican and Mr. Rope ran back to the courtyard.

Again Pouchy Pelican shouted,

"Against the king I hold great malice,
He fails to pay me what he owes.
I go straightway unto his palace;
I'm numbered now among his foes."

The king flew into a rage
as he heard these words again.

"Build a fire in the furnace
and throw the pelican into it,"
cried the angry king.

"I am as good as dead!"
sighed the pelican.

Then he remembered Mr. Waterfall, and he said to his friend,

"Waterfall, my true friend,
To this fire put an end."

The water flowed into the furnace
and put out the fire.

Mr. Waterfall kept on flowing
until the large hall of the palace
was filled with water.
Pouchy Pelican ran from the furnace.

Once more he went to the courtyard
and began to shout,
"Against the king I hold great malice,
He fails to pay me what he owes.
I go straightway unto his palace;
I'm numbered now among his foes."

Then the king cried angrily,
"Bring Pouchy Pelican to me!"

The pelican trembled with fear
as he was brought before the king.
Then he remembered his friend
Mr. Tarantula, the poisonous spider.

Pouchy Pelican said to the spider,
"Tarantula, come quickly out,
This wicked king please put to rout!"
Then out from the pelican's pouch
rushed Mr. Tarantula!
He stung the king and the soldiers.
They screamed with pain and jumped
from the windows into the lake below.
The king and his soldiers
sank to the bottom of the lake,
and they were never seen again.

Soon Pouchy Pelican stood alone
in the king's beautiful palace.
He flapped his great wings in glee,
for he was now safe from danger.

Pouchy Pelican waddled along
until he reached the throne.
He was very, very tired,
so he sat down and went to sleep.

The people heard what had happened
to the king and his soldiers,
so they hastened to the palace.

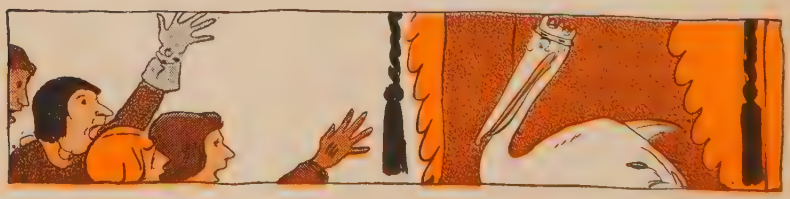
Great was their surprise
when they found Pouchy Pelican
seated upon the king's throne,
fast asleep!

"He must be our new king!"
all the people shouted together,
and they gave a loud cheer.

The joyous greeting of the people awakened Pouchy Pelican.
He looked up in surprise
to see a crowd of people
standing near the throne.

They put a crown of gold
upon Pouchy Pelican's head.
Then all the people shouted together,

"Long live Pouchy Pelican!
We've chosen him king.
With crown on his head,
His praises we sing!"



A SECRET

Pussy Willow had a secret
That a snowdrop told to her,
And she purred it to the south wind,
While it stroked her velvet fur.
And the south wind hummed it softly
To the busy honeybees,
And they buzzed it to the blossoms
On the scarlet maple trees.

And they told it to the wood brooks
Brimming full of melted snow,
And the brooks told Robin Redbreast
As he chattered to and fro.
Little Robin could not keep it,
So he sang it, loud and clear,
To the sleepy hills and meadows,
"Wake up! Cheer up! Spring is here!"

MEADOW LARK'S CONCERT

Once upon a time, Meadow Lark decided to give a concert of song in honor of Prince Spring.

She asked Mr. Woodpecker to post a notice of the concert on the trunk of an oak tree.

This he was very glad to do, and he posted the following notice on the tree.

Meadow Lark's Concert
will be held in the Woods
To-morrow Morning at Six O'clock
to welcome Prince Spring.
Come one! Come all!

Before many hours had passed, all the little people of the woods had read the interesting notice.

Then all the birds of the air began to sing their sweetest songs, and to prepare for the concert.

At last, when all was ready, a chariot, drawn by butterflies, carried the Queen of the Fairies and charming young Prince Spring to the place of meeting.

MAGNEL WRIGHT. BNRIGHT

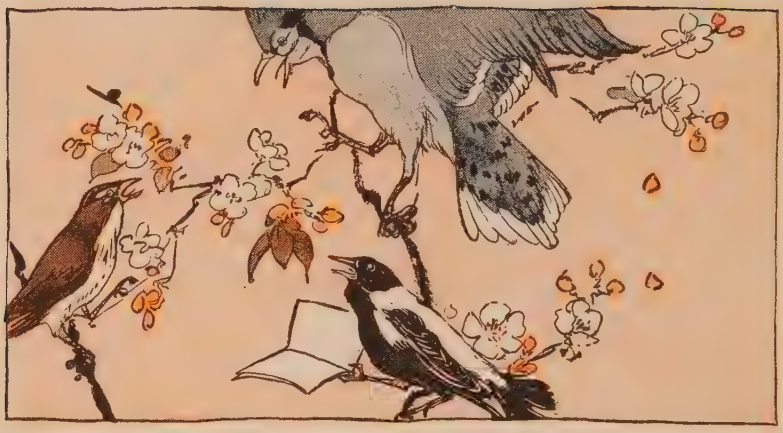
Fairy Queen and Prince Spring were greeted with many cheers.

Chipping Sparrow gave the signal, on his shrill pitch pipe, for the concert of song to begin.

The Warblers sang a joyous welcome.

This was followed by the humming of the black and gold Bumblebees.

Mr. Bullfrog croaked a bass solo, and Mr. Woodpecker played a tattoo upon the trunk of a tree.



Song Sparrow chanted a melody,
while the frail little butterflies,
whose music is in their hearts,
kept time to the soft chanting,
with their fluttering wings.

Meadow Lark, soaring in the air,
twittered a few low, sweet notes,
as he alighted upon the top branch
of a tall maple tree.

Then, as clear as the tones of a fife,
was the tune that he whistled!

Red-eyed Vireo began to preach,
"Do you hear me? Do you believe it?"
Jolly Bobolink would not listen
but sang his own rollicking song.
Noisy Blue Jay called, "Jay! Jay!"
and tried to mimic Red-eyed Vireo.
Oriole, swinging in her nest
at the end of a branch of the elm tree,
whistled rich, ringing notes,
and Nuthatch sang a tenor solo.
The twittering of Swallows
sounded merrily in the air,
and Scarlet Tanager, perched high
on the branch of an oak tree, sang,

"Look up, way up,
Look at me, tree top!"

Goldfinch called from the birch tree,
"Hear me, hear me, dearie!"

Veery hummed a sweet alto
to Wood Thrush's flutelike notes,
as they warbled their matin song.

Yellow Warbler twittered softly,
"Sweet, sweet, sweeter!"

Little Wren, flitting quickly about,
suddenly perched upon a bush
and burst forth with a joyous song,
"Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweet!"

Then Robin hopped to the chariot
and sang a carol to Prince Spring,
while Bluebird chirped a greeting
to the Queen of the Fairies.

Fearing lest some might not hear
the concert in the woods,
South Wind carried the many sounds
over hills and through dales.
There was wonderful music everywhere.

Presently all became quiet.
Then some dainty fairies tripped in.
They were dressed in silken gowns
spun and woven by the spiders.
The trees rustled their new leaves,
while the fairies danced to the tune
of the nearby brook and waterfall.

The Flower Elves formed a ring
and tripped around merrily
to the chimes of the Lily-bells.
Snowdrop, Violet, and Crocus
nodded in time to the music.

Finally, the Queen of the Fairies
waved her golden wand,
and a choir of sweet songsters
sang in chorus,
"Long live Prince Spring!"

The music echoed far and wide.

When the last sounds had died away,
the merry throng dispersed.

Prince Spring was delighted
with Meadow Lark's Concert.
He promised the happy birds
that he would remain with them
until Princess Summer should come.

A
C